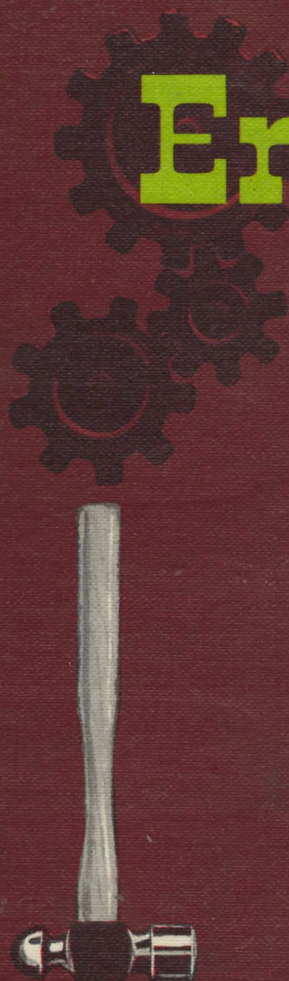
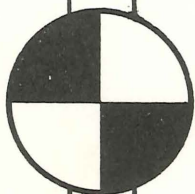


The Missionary Engineer



VIRGIL E. ROBINSON

**THE
MISSIONARY
ENGINEER**



THE MISSIONARY ENGINEER

BY VIRGIL E. ROBINSON

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CRY IN THE NIGHT



BRIGHT BEAMS of the morning sun were reflected from the shining surface of Victoria, the largest lake in Central Africa, as Henry M. Stanley and his large party boarded their boats.

For several weeks the famous explorer had been sailing northward along the western shore of the lake. To the Africans, this huge body of water was not Victoria, but Nyanza, a word meaning "lake" in their language.

Two years had passed since he had left Paris, commissioned by an American newspaper editor to go to Africa and get an answer to the question, "What has happened to Dr. David Livingstone?" That famous missionary-doctor-explorer had disappeared into the interior in 1866 more than two years after he left Zanzibar, and since then, little had been heard from him. Stanley had gone to Zanzibar, organized a large caravan, guided it successfully six hundred miles across the African wilderness, and found the weary missionary sick at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika.

During the six months he spent with Dr. Livingstone, Stanley became a great admirer of the brave explorer. When news reached England the following year that Livingstone had

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died, Stanley decided to devote the remainder of his life to the task that the missionary had left incomplete. Africa must be opened that Christian missionaries might go and teach its people; and the slave trade, which had been called the "open sore of the world" by Livingstone, must be stopped.

Stanley himself was not a missionary. Before meeting Livingstone he had not even considered himself a Christian, since he belonged to no church. A few months with the good doctor, however, had changed his heart. Ever after, he acknowledged Christ as his Saviour.

Now, as he stood in the prow of his boat nine years after finding Livingstone, Stanley gazed northward. Paddles flashed in and out of the water as the boatmen rowed along, chanting one of their African songs.

Stanley lowered his field glasses and turned to his caravan leader.

"Musa, I think I see something coming toward us. Look through my glasses and tell me what you think it is."

"Yes, sir. There are some canoes coming toward us."

"Do you see the men? Are they armed? Do you think they are going to attack us?"

"It is hard to tell, but I think they come peacefully."

The distance between the two groups of canoes gradually lessened. The boats approaching were filled with African boatmen. Stanley noticed with surprise that these boatmen were better dressed than other Africans he had seen on his travels. As the canoes came still closer, the leader in the foremost canoe from the north hailed the white captain, welcoming him to Uganda in the name of King Mtesa.

"Have we reached Uganda?" Stanley asked.

"Yes, sir. You have come to its southern border."

"How did you know we were coming today?"

"Well, sir, two nights ago the mother of the king had a strange dream. She saw this vessel you are riding in, the largest and most beautiful ever to float on our lake. She even saw you, and described you as having large eyes, white skin, and long black hair. She said you have a message for the king. When she told King Mtesa her dream, he decided to send us to meet you, so here we are. We will guide you to our capital village."

The Waganda (which was the name of the people living in Uganda) turned their boats around, and guided the flotilla to the landing near the king's town.

Stanley was astonished by what he saw as they neared the pier. Two thousand people dressed in long white robes were lined up to welcome him. Some held guns, and as the white man stepped ashore, they were fired repeatedly in his honor. A group of highly respected chiefs came forward to welcome the European to the kingdom of Uganda. They were dressed in long scarlet robes, and many of them wore the fez, a kind of round hat, which showed that they were Moslems. In all his travels through Africa, Stanley had never come across such an impressive group of people.

Stanley and his men were then escorted to a tent that had been pitched in his honor. Hardly had he sat down before a herd of fat oxen was driven up, a gift from the king. Other things arrived also—sheep, goats, and chickens, a hundred bunches of bananas, large baskets of sweet potatoes, fifty ears of green corn, twenty dozen eggs, and ten pots of Uganda wine. All had been sent by King Mtesa to make his guests feel welcome.

The day soon came for Stanley to meet this remarkable king. Accompanied by a group of his men dressed in their best, he marched up the broad road leading to the top of a nearby

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hill. On the summit he saw a high cone-shaped hut made of grass and bamboo.

As Stanley approached this house, King Mtesa left his palace and came forward to greet his visitor. Stanley noticed that he was tall and slender, graceful and very handsome. For many hours the two men talked together through an interpreter. Mtesa asked about all the land through which the white man had come. Stanley admitted that nowhere in Africa had he come across a people as remarkable or as advanced as the Waganda. Of course this pleased King Mtesa.

When Stanley asked the king how large his country was, Mtesa could not tell him. He only knew it took six days for a swift-footed messenger to travel from one end of it to the other. Stanley estimated it was perhaps as large as New England, and that the population numbered about 4 million. The king had many courtiers and chiefs who helped him rule his country. Stanley found the king eager to learn anything that might help him make his kingdom greater and more powerful.

Stanley also discovered that most of the goods used in Uganda were brought in by Arabs who came to trade guns, cloth, beads, axes, and other manufactured articles for slaves and ivory, which they took out of the country. It was the Arabs who had introduced the religion of Mohammed. Recognizing that the Mohammedan religion was better than the heathen superstitions his ancestors had accepted for many centuries, King Mtesa had learned to pray like a Mohammedan, with his face turned toward Mecca. He had also begun to wear Arab clothing and was keeping Friday as a rest day. After Stanley arrived, Mtesa began to wonder about the religion of the white man, and whether it might not be better than Mohammedanism.

So one day when Mtesa and Stanley were sitting in the

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council house talking, the king asked about the white man's God. Stanley began by explaining that God and His Son Jesus live in heaven and that they created the world and the men who live in it. He talked of the call of Abraham and the chosen people, of Moses, and finally of how Jesus came to the world to die for the sins of all men.

The king seemed deeply impressed and asked many questions. He soon saw that the religion of Jesus was much older than that of Mohammed, and that the Christian's Holy Book, the Bible, had been written long before Mohammed wrote the Koran. But Stanley could not tell what the king was thinking.

One day when Stanley was present, Mtesa called his counselors together. The king began to speak, reminding the chiefs how at first he had been a heathen, worshiping the spirits, then how the Arabs had come and told him about Allah, the one true God, and how since then he had changed from his former drunken, cruel, bloodthirsty way of life.

Continuing, he pointed out that now the white man had come to Uganda explaining many things that had formerly puzzled him. The religion of this white man was much older than that of the Arabs. Suddenly he asked their opinion. Should they, or should they not, adopt the religion taught by Mr. Stanley?

The chiefs looked cautiously at one another. They had lived long enough to realize it was dangerous to disagree with the king. His word was law, and a nod of the royal head was sufficient to bring death to any one of his subjects. So one of the courtiers carefully replied, "Let us take that which is best."

The king looked at his prime minister and waited to hear what he would say.

Another cautious statement followed.

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"How can we know which is the best religion? The Arabs say theirs is the best, the white man says his religion is the best. The Great Wizard will say that the ways of our ancestors are still the best. How can we tell which is true?"

Another chief spoke.

"All my life I have lived in Mtesa's court. He has been my teacher. He taught me to be a Moslem. If now he decides that the white man's religion is better, then I am ready to listen to his words and do what he says."

Mtesa seemed pleased to hear this. Lifting his hand for silence, he spoke.

"All men are what their religion has made them. The Arabs are what they are because of what the Koran teaches. The white men are what they are because of what the Bible commands. Now let us look at the Arabs and the white men.

"The Arabs come to Uganda to get slaves. They often beat them and treat them cruelly. If the slaves become too weak to march, they are killed. We also find that the Arabs often tell lies. But I have never heard a white man tell a lie.

"Mr. Speke came here and acted well, and so did Mr. Grant. They brought no slaves and they took no slaves away. Mr. Stanley came, and he likewise refused the slaves we offered him, saying, 'No, how can I make my brothers slaves?' What Arab would have refused slaves? So now I think that the religion of the white men must be better than that of the Arabs. I find nothing hard about believing the teachings of the white man's Book. I will ask again, Shall we accept his Book as our guide for the future instead of Mohammed's book?"

By this time the chiefs could see what the king wanted, so they all answered, "We will take the white man's Book."

After that Mtesa often talked with Stanley about religion.

He promised to build a church in which to worship the God of heaven. He begged Stanley to stay and teach him and his people more fully, but Stanley was eager to continue his travels.

"Stanley," begged Mtesa one day shortly before the explorer departed, "say to the white people that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught to see. If someone will come and teach me and my people, and show me the way I should go, I shall continue to be a Christian as long as I live."

That very night Stanley, who had been deeply moved by the king's appeal, wrote a letter to the Christian people of England, describing King Mtesa and his wonderful kingdom. Here is part of what he wrote:

"Oh, that some pious, practical missionary would come here! Mtesa would give him anything that he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, and other things. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is needed. It is the practical Christian who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, build dwellings, teach farming, and turn his hand to anything—like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such a one, if he can be found, would become the savior of Africa."

Concluding his appeal, he wrote, "Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity. Embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you."

When the letter was finished, Stanley wondered what to do with it. There was no mail service, and he had no intention of leaving Africa for many months. Fortunately, there was passing through the country just at that time a French traveler, Linant de Bellefonds. He told Stanley of his plan to travel up the Nile, through the Sudan, to Egypt, and from there to Europe. Stanley asked him if he would take a letter addressed

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to the editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*. The Frenchman consented.

"Please, Mr. Bellefonds," he said earnestly as he placed the letter in the Frenchman's hands, "don't lose this letter."

"Have no fear, friend. I know that many times African carriers have run away with the goods belonging to their masters. To make sure that this letter is not so carried off, I shall wrap it well and keep it in my boot."

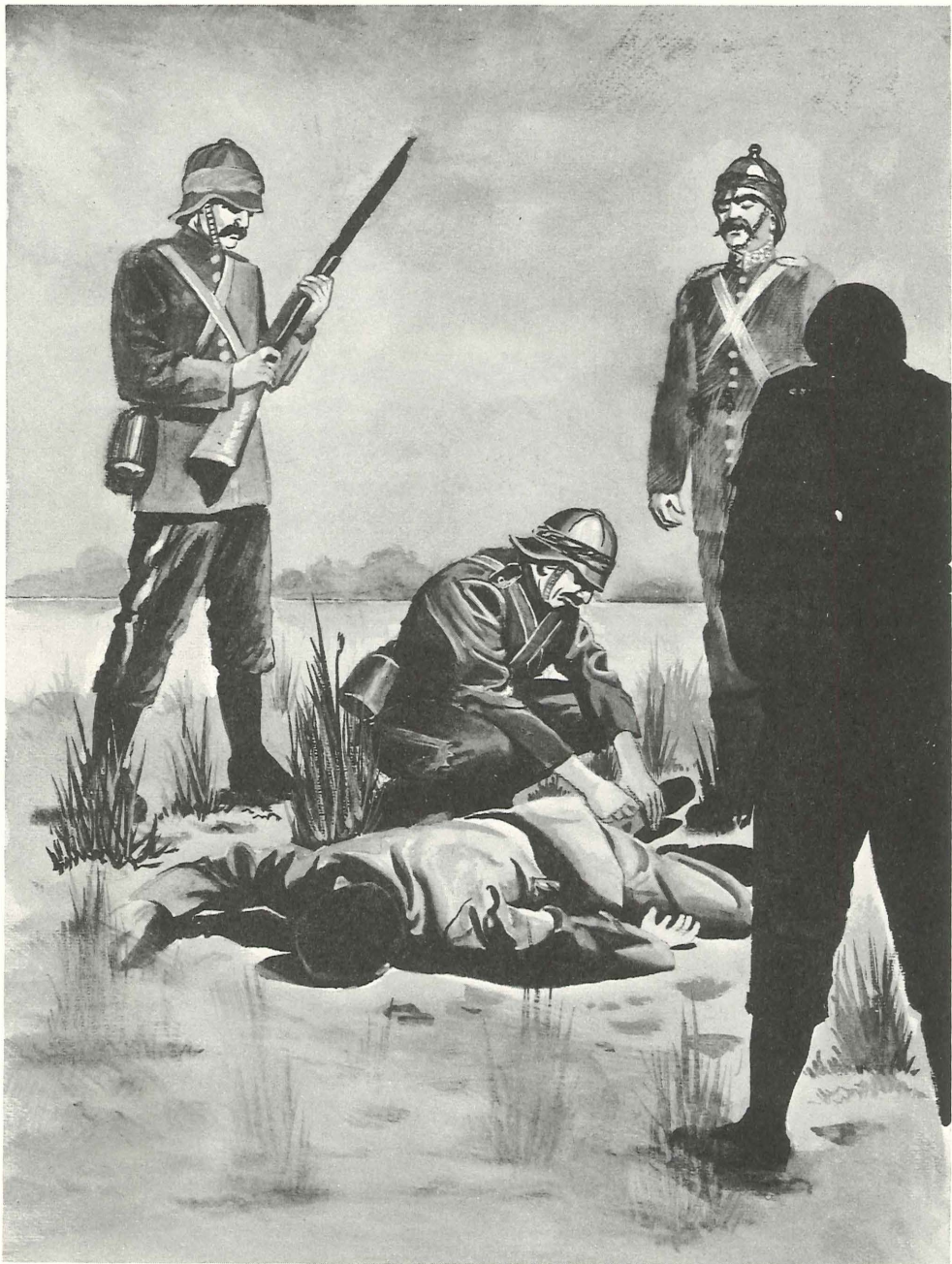
Stanley was satisfied. Soon after, the two men parted, Bellefonds turning northward, Stanley toward the east.

Mr. Bellefonds never saw France again. One day while traveling along the Nile, he and his caravan were attacked by savage tribesmen. The Frenchman, with many of his carriers, was killed, and all his goods were stolen by the attackers. There on the sand near the river, his body lay unburied.

Several weeks later a band of English soldiers discovered the body of a white man by the river. Searching him for some clue as to who he might be, they discovered Stanley's letter hidden in one of his boots. They took it with them to Khartoum. From there it was sent on to a British officer in Lower Egypt, who forwarded it to the editor of the London *Daily Telegraph*.

Thus it came about that one chilly November morning in 1875, London newsboys found it easy to sell many copies of the *Daily Telegraph* by shouting, "Latest news from Stanley."

That morning thousands of people throughout London and its suburbs read Stanley's remarkable letter with its tremendous challenge to the Christian church. Within a few weeks it had been republished in papers throughout England and Scotland. Not since the news had been received announcing Livingstone's death was the conscience of the nation so deeply stirred.



Off came the dead man's shoe. There might be some important papers in it.

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Here was the king of an African country calling upon Christians to send men to open the blind eyes of his people and lead them out of darkness into light. Newspaper columns were soon filled with letters on the subject. Some people who had been in Africa disagreed with Stanley's estimate of the chief, Mtesa.

"He is a cruel, bloodthirsty monarch," they wrote. "He kills anyone he dislikes." Others asked, "Where will the money be found to send missionaries to such a far-off place?"

Soon committees of various missionary societies met in London to discuss the problem. They saw the difficulties. Uganda lay nearly seven hundred miles northwest of Zanzibar, the gateway to East Africa. Between that port and the kingdom of Mtesa, explorers had discovered high mountains, steaming jungles, and warlike tribes.

But the leaders of the Church Missionary Society were not easily discouraged. If God wanted the gospel to go to Uganda, He would put it into the hearts of His people to supply the necessary money. He would also bring forward men willing to offer their very lives if necessary to answer this providential call.

After reading Mr. Stanley's letter, the committee prayed for three days. On the third day a letter came to Mr. Hutchinson, the secretary of the society, from a man who would not even sign his name. Since he was too old to go himself, he offered five thousand pounds (about \$25,000) to start the mission in Uganda. In the letter was enclosed a bank draft for this amount.

"Gentlemen," asked the missionary, profoundly stirred by the letter, "how can we hold back when God is calling us to go forward?"

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"When shall we start this mission?" asked another.

"As soon as God sends us the right men to go," replied the man of faith.

Then they prayed again, this time that God would find missionaries for Uganda.

THE VOLUNTEER



THE WIND howled furiously around the cottage of a village minister one bitterly cold December night. The year was 1849; the country, Scotland. Snow lay piled in drifts up to the level of the windows. The Reverend John Mackay (pronounced MAC-key) paced back and forth in his study, waiting through the hours of the longest night he could remember.

Shortly after 2:00 A.M. the minister heard a welcome sound; not the shriek of the wind, but the cry of a baby. He stopped by a bedroom door and tapped nervously.

"Just a moment, sir," came a female voice. The moment stretched into five long minutes before the door was finally opened. There stood Annie, the servant girl, smiling and holding the Reverend Mackay's first-born son, wrapped in a soft blanket.

"There he is, sir," the girl announced proudly, pulling back the blanket to display a tiny face. "As bonny a child as you'll ever see in all your life."

John Mackay smiled proudly; then his face sobered.

"How is the mother?"

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"She's doing all right. But what a night we've had! I tell you, sir, this child will have the wind in his teeth all his life."

"Now, Annie, don't say that. You're not superstitious, are you?"

"No, not more than most folks. But a child born on such a night will have a stormy life."

They named the boy Alexander, after his great-grandfather, but to his boyhood friends he was simply Alec. It was a happy father who presided at the christening of his own son the following Sunday in the village church.

"We have dedicated him to God as Hannah dedicated Samuel long ago," Alec's mother confided to one of her friends. "May he become a preacher like his father."

It seemed that the mother's wish might come true. At the age of three Alec was reading the New Testament. His father, a well-educated man, took charge of the boy's schooling until he was eleven years old.

As Annie had predicted, Alec was a headstrong child. At an early age he was roaming the Scottish mountains, swimming in the lakes and rivers, often spending the night in caves. He reveled in the outdoor life. But of all his pleasures, none exceeded the enjoyment he derived from watching the working of anything mechanical, whether it was the clock on the wall or the engine that drove the steamboats up the nearby firth.

Almost daily Alec hurried two miles to the nearest town to enjoy the thrill of seeing the little three-coach train arrive and depart. To him the iron monster that pulled those cars was the most wonderful thing on earth. He would talk with the engineer whenever possible and ask questions, while lovingly patting the side of the engine.

Before he was twelve he took the kitchen clock to pieces



Before he was twelve, Alec took the kitchen clock apart and put it together again.

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and put it together again. It ran! But Alec's father felt only disappointment. He had planned and hoped that his boy would become a minister, not a mechanical engineer.

One day the father was starting on a trip to the city. He asked Alec what he might bring him, hoping the boy would ask for a book.

The lad's eyes lighted up.

"Oh, Father, do you think you could bring me a printing press? Just a small one. Please, Father!"

When he returned, John Mackay brought the coveted press with him. He had no way of knowing, of course, that it was in God's plan for Alec to learn how to operate a printing press, how to take clocks apart, and how to run a steam engine. He could not see that far into his son's future.

Alec was a good Christian lad. He longed to go to some far-off land to tell the story of Jesus and His love for all people. He had little desire to talk with people who had the Bible and were already followers of Jesus. Eagerly he read everything about Africa he could find, poring over Livingstone's journals until he could recite whole paragraphs by heart. On a very incomplete map, he followed Speke, Grant, and Burton on their travels through the heart of the Dark Continent.

Many a night, seated around the family fireside, Alec listened with wonder and delight as his father described the brave deeds and great sufferings of his ancestors, the Scottish Covenanters, many of whom had lived near the Mackay home. His mother likewise had stories to tell, for she was descended from the French Huguenots who had fled from the fierce soldiers of Louis XIV nearly two centuries before.

At the age of fifteen Alec went to Aberdeen to attend boarding school. For a few weeks he was extremely homesick.

At his request, his mother came to visit him. The two spent some happy hours together, walking around the town and looking at the ships that sailed in with great loads of fish caught from the waters of the North Sea during the night. Alec talked freely to her of his dream of someday being a missionary engineer.

"If you make God first in all your plans," his mother told him as she prepared to take the train back to her home, "God will bless and prosper all that you do."

A few weeks later, Alec received word that his mother was very ill. His father urged him to come home immediately. He hurried home, but he arrived too late. With his younger brother, Charles, and his twin sisters, he stood by his sorrowing father and watched his mother's casket lowered into the earth.

After the funeral, Father Mackay placed mother's Bible in Alec's hands, saying, "My boy, when she knew she would not see you again, she asked me to give you this. You will find her last message on the flyleaf."

His hands trembling, Alec opened the Book and read these words, "Do more than read it, my son, SEARCH!" That was all, but the boy always remembered, and tried to obey that message.

Back in school at Aberdeen the young man threw himself into his studies more diligently than ever. His interest in mechanics steadily increased. He spent many hours in the shipyards watching ships being built, engines being tested, and machines being repaired. He took a written examination, since only by doing so could he hope to find entrance into Scotland's finest engineering school. It is not surprising that he came out first in all the land. At this school, which he entered with high hopes, his experiments with machinery soon proved that he

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was indeed a mechanical genius. He graduated with the highest honors the school could give.

At the age of twenty-four he went to Germany to take charge of a branch of an English firm that manufactured locomotives. But he never forgot his Christian training nor his steadfast purpose to go someday as a missionary to Africa. He spent Sundays visiting the slums of Berlin, gathering the children around him, telling them Bible stories, and urging them to follow Jesus.

Soon after he arrived in Berlin he read in an English missionary journal an appeal for missionaries to go to Madagascar. Immediately he wrote to the society, volunteering to go. But the leaders of the society, unable to see what an engineer could do in the mission field, wrote a discouraging reply. Mackay was not disheartened. He visited a library, where he studied everything he could find about the people of Madagascar, and even found a grammar book of the Malagasy language to pore over.

One day in 1875, a managing director of his firm, a wealthy Jewish businessman, called Mackay into his office. To Alec's astonishment this man informed him that the firm was about to establish a branch in Russia, and he proposed putting Mackay in charge of it. The salary mentioned left the young Scotsman speechless. The businessman then asked Alec how soon he could be ready to go.

After only a few moments of silence, Mackay replied, "I am sorry, sir, but I cannot accept your offer."

The man was surprised. "Why not, may I ask?"

"Because I have already pledged myself to do work of a different nature."

"What may that be? Is some other company offering you a better salary than I have mentioned?"

"No, sir. I have decided to go as a missionary to Africa."

The man threw up his hands. Then for some time he tried to persuade Alec to change his mind, but in vain.

Alec returned to his room with his mind in turmoil. If he was going to be a missionary to Africa, what was he waiting for?

Opening his diary, he read words he had written on May 3, 1874: "This day, last year, David Livingstone died—a Scotsman and a Christian, loving God and his neighbor. He gave his life for Africa. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

Next he turned to Stanley's book, *How I Found Livingstone*. For hours he pored over that fascinating story. With every turning page the desire to go to Africa became stronger in his mind. It was long past midnight before he laid the book down.

A month later he caught sight of a paper published by the Church Missionary Society in London. It had arrived that very day. Opening it, he saw Stanley's appeal for a Christian missionary to go to the court of King Mtesa. The words burned their way into his heart! Surely he could qualify to answer this call.

"It is the practical Christian, who can . . . build dwellings, teach farming, and turn his hand to anything—like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted." The more he thought about it, the more excited he became. Those things Stanley mentioned were the very things he could do best.

Immediately he wrote an impassioned appeal to the Missionary Society, begging permission to go out with any group that might be leaving for Uganda.

Meanwhile, in London, the work of collecting funds and finding volunteers had gone forward rapidly. Within three weeks after the publishing of Stanley's letter, donations

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amounting to more than a hundred thousand dollars had been received. Still more wonderful was the personal response. Many letters were received from men who had no money to give, but who offered themselves.

Carefully the committee interviewed the volunteers. From them, five men were selected. A letter suggesting that Alec come to London brought the twenty-six-year-old bachelor across the North Sea on the first available steamer. After talking with him, the committee members were satisfied that he would prove of great help to the party. How could their plan to place a steam launch on Lake Victoria be accomplished without the help of this brilliant young engineer?

There was one thing which brought misgivings to the directors. There was no doctor in the party. When Mackay learned of this, he thought of his best friend, who had taken the medical course. His letter to John Smith had the desired effect. The doctor agreed to give the remainder of his life to Africa and prepared to go.

Preparations for the departure of the missionaries went forward all through the winter months. In April, 1876, shortly before the sailing date, eight missionaries gathered in the office of the Church Missionary Society headquarters in London for a final visit and farewell prayer. Each one was invited to tell what lay on his heart. Mackay, the youngest of the group, was the last to speak. Those who listened to his words that day never forgot them.

"There is one thing that my brethren have not said, and which I want to say. I want to remind the committee that within six months they will probably hear that one of us is dead!"

Mackay paused. A solemn stillness filled the room.

THE VOLUNTEER

"Yes, is it at all likely that eight Englishmen should start for Central Africa, and all be alive six months after? One of us, at least—it may be I—will surely fall before then. But what I want to say is this; when the news comes, do not be cast down, but send someone else immediately to take the vacant place."

Of those who asked himself the question that day, "Shall I be the first to die?" James Robertson had the greatest cause to answer Yes. He was a carpenter who had volunteered to go, but due to poor health, he had been turned down by the committee. Not to be thwarted in his desires, Robertson had sold his business for enough money to pay all his own expenses. In view of such a spirit, the committee had relented, and were allowing him to go with the others.

Sailing day came. On the dock the men bade farewell to fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives, and children. "Will we ever meet again?" was the unanswered question in every heart, a question that only God could answer.

Slowly the ship steamed down the Thames, into the English Channel, then across the Bay of Biscay and through the Straits of Gibraltar. There the missionaries caught their first glimpse of Africa. After stops at various places in the Mediterranean, they steamed through the Suez Canal, which had been opened only seven years previously. The Red Sea area proved hot, far hotter than anything the missionaries had ever experienced before. Alec sat on deck, gazing at the desolate Sinai Peninsula lying to the east. There the Israelites had wandered for many long years. Mostly, however, his thoughts were on Africa and the work he hoped to do there.

The voyage lasted five weeks. Then one morning there was a new fragrance in the air.

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"Cloves," said one of the sailors in reply to Alec's question. "We are nearing Zanzibar."

By noon the ship was skirting that palm-fringed island, at that time the gateway to East Africa. The ship dropped anchor. Arab dhows came alongside, and the goods of the missionaries were dropped over the rail and down onto their waiting decks, to be transported to the pier. But Alec would not leave the vessel until he had seen every part of his precious steam launch, *Daisy*, brought up from the hold and lowered into a dhow.

Mackay knew that his next task would be to assemble the launch and take her on some trial runs in the waters around Zanzibar. How long would it be, he wondered, before he could steer her across the blue waters of Lake Victoria? When would he enter the court of Mtesa, the king of Uganda, who sat in darkness? When would he be able to help dispel that darkness by teaching the king of Uganda of Jesus, the Light of the world?

PREPARING THE WAY



DURING their thirty-five days on shipboard, the eight members of the missionary party became well acquainted with one another. There was plenty of time for visiting. Mr. Wilson was the only minister in the party, but all were earnest Christians. Lt. Shergold Smith, the oldest man in the group, was a retired British naval officer. Mr. O'Neill was an Irish architect, and William Robertson a builder. Mr. Mackay found it especially easy to talk with Mr. Clark, an engineer like himself. He was most pleased that his close friend, Dr. John Smith, was with him.

During the voyage the eighth member of the group, James Robertson, became very ill, and it took all Dr. Smith's skill to save his life. Mr. Mackay could see that Dr. Smith was going to prove a great blessing not only to the Africans but in caring for the health of the missionaries also. One afternoon Mr. Mackay and the doctor, while walking up and down the deck, discussed Mr. Robertson's illness.

"I wouldn't want this to go too far," Dr. Smith said, looking cautiously around and speaking in a low tone, "but I am afraid that poor Robertson won't last very long in Africa. His physical

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condition is poor, and the first attack of tropical fever, I fear, will put him underground."

"I am sorry to hear it," Mr. Mackay replied. "But I am not surprised. The committee tried to persuade him not to come, but you will remember his reply to all their arguments. He said, 'Better a month spent for Christ in Africa than ten years of life in Christian England.'"

The doctor nodded his head. "Yes, I remember. He has a wonderful spirit."

The day after their arrival in Zanzibar, Mr. Wilson called the group together. Perhaps because he was the only ordained minister among them, the others naturally looked to him as their leader.

"From what I can learn," he told them, "it is between six and seven hundred miles from here to Uganda. There is no road, so it is likely we shall have to make our own highway. There is always the possibility that we may find a river up which we can sail the *Daisy*. If we could find such a stream penetrating even three hundred miles into Africa, it would be a blessing, cutting our march in half. I shall ask Mr. Mackay and Mr. Clark to assemble the *Daisy* as soon as possible and try her out with a run of a hundred miles or so up and down the coast. Perhaps they can find the river we need."

He next assigned tasks to each one.

"Lieutenant Smith and Mr. O'Neill, you will purchase the supplies we must take with us. Here is the list. You may think it is a long one, but remember, where we are going it will be impossible to procure such supplies.

"Mr. William Robertson, I am asking you and Mr. James Robertson to visit some of the Arabs and find out all you can about conditions in the interior. Dr. Smith, you will lay in a

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stock of necessary medicines. You will not need cash for any purchases. Just give the merchants an order on the British consul, who has received a bank draft from a London clearing-house. We will meet here again on the evening of the fourth day to report on our progress. Now, gentlemen, let us each get on with the job."

The next few days were busy ones for them all. For Mackay it was a labor of love to assemble the *Daisy*, start up the engines, and try her out on some of the quiet bays surrounding Zanzibar. The men buying supplies found it unnecessary to go from shop to shop. As soon as it was known that Englishmen had arrived wanting goods, shrewd Arab traders came with long lists. Lieutenant Smith had to learn to bargain for the lowest possible price for the supplies needed.

Soon goods began to pile up in the courtyard of the hotel where the men were staying: hundreds of bales of cotton cloth, barrels of multicolored beads, and rolls of brass wire, which would be particularly useful for buying food along the way. Of course, there was also a long list of necessities the white men must have in that far-off country: tents, umbrellas, waterproof sheets, blankets, cots, tools, guns, powder, dried fruit, salt, mosquito netting, and hundreds of similar articles.

The British consul took a keen interest in the expedition and did all he could to help the missionaries. One afternoon he found Lieutenant Smith and O'Neill packing their supplies into boxes. The consul laid his hand on O'Neill's arm.

"I am sorry to have to tell you, but you are wasting an awful lot of time putting all this stuff into boxes."

"Why? What do you mean? How can it be carried if not in boxes?"

"The African porters who will transport your goods will

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not carry hard boxes. You must pack your supplies in cloth bags, which will be softer on their heads and shoulders."

Thanking the consul for his suggestion, the missionaries procured dozens of cloth bags and filled each one with about sixty pounds of supplies.

Meanwhile Mackay and one of his companions, with five African guides, sailed the *Daisy* along the African coast until they came to the mouth of the Wami River. Up this stream Mackay turned the prow of his launch, hoping it might prove navigable for a long distance.

The voyage was not without adventure. On the second day the men came upon a large herd of hippos playing among the reeds in shallow water. The white men were delighted by this glimpse of African wildlife, but one of the Africans foolishly shot an arrow at a large mother hippo standing near the bank with her calf. The angry beast with a bellow plunged out of sight under the water. Mr. Mackay was on the point of confiscating the man's weapon when there was a great thud as of a heavy weight bumping against the bottom of the boat. The *Daisy* began to rock violently. But the launch proved much too large for the hippo to sink, and after knocking her huge head savagely several times against the stout hull, she gave up.

Another afternoon Mackay was shocked to see a tiny human body floating down the stream. He asked the Africans what might have caused the death of the child.

"Who knows?" one of them answered. "Perhaps its teeth did not come in right, or it may have been a twin, or perhaps it was a girl and some chief had ordered his wife to give him a son." The missionary made no answer as he stood on deck, watching the little body disappear downstream. Truly he had come to a land of darkness.

PREPARING THE WAY

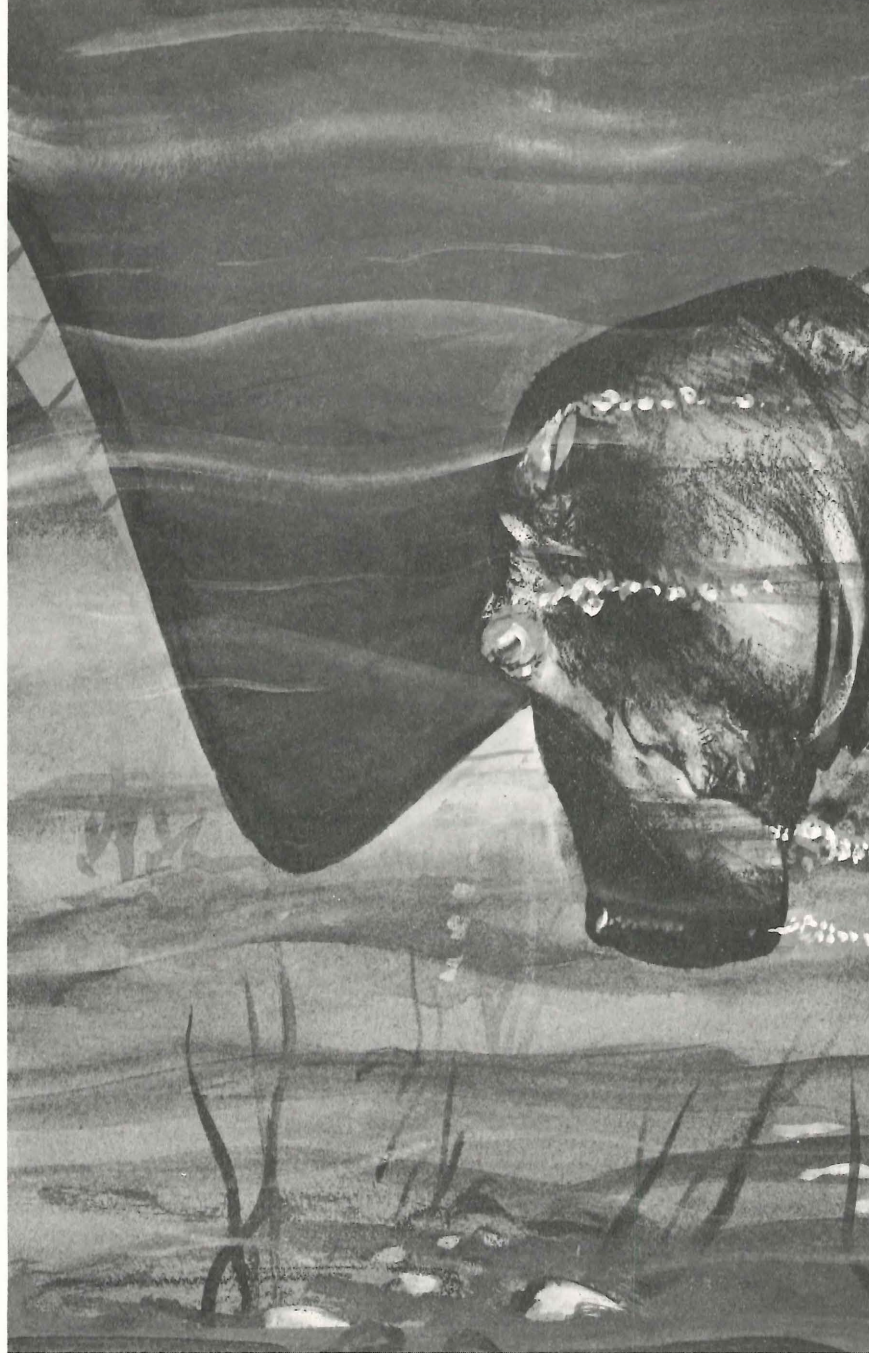
Only fifty miles from the coast the river became so shallow that the launch could go no farther. Sadly Mackay turned the *Daisy* around and returned to Zanzibar. Still hoping to find a waterway into Africa, he tried going up the Kinguno, but this river became shallow even closer to the coast than had the Wami.

Once more back in Zanzibar, Mackay reported his failure to Mr. Wilson. They would have to walk to Uganda, seven hundred miles away! They counted the bags of supplies and estimated that they would need nearly five hundred porters. It was difficult to persuade the Africans to leave their homes. They had heard stories from other caravans, of sickness, of death, of hostile tribes that tried to turn the parties back, of rivers to be crossed, mountains to be scaled. Most preferred to stay at home where life was easy.

Seeing it would be impossible to assemble so many porters and travel in one caravan, it was decided to divide the missionaries into four groups, each to set out when it had found sufficient porters. Mr. Wilson went first, with party number one.

A week later the second group left, this one led by Lieutenant Smith. As the third group was preparing to depart, James Robertson, the volunteer carpenter, became sick and died. On a small island off the coast, a grave was dug for the body of the man who had dreamed of seeing the king of Uganda. The prophecy that Mackay had made to the committee in London had already come true.

Finally Alexander Mackay's time for departure arrived, and he set out. With more than two hundred porters, his was one of the largest groups. At the head of the column marched six Africans whom Mackay called soldiers, but who had never before held guns. The next group of carriers were responsible





The hippopotamus rammed her head against the boat.

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for the parts of the *Daisy*. As some of these could not be broken down into sixty-pound loads, they were lashed to the backs of donkeys.

In Zanzibar, Mackay had found a replacement for Mr. Robertson. Mr. Hartwell had been a sailor for many years, and when the missionary had invited him to join the missionary enterprise, he had gladly accepted. Hartwell marched last in the long line, with Mr. Mackay and his little dog. The people of the coastal town crowded around to see the caravan, more than a quarter of a mile long, begin its march into the interior.

For a short distance the trip seemed like a picnic. When the heat of the sun made them weary the porters laid down their loads and rested. For the first two days little progress was made, for the carriers would walk only for an hour or two each morning. Finally Mackay had to increase their wages before they would consent to march during the hot hours of the day.

To Mackay the land was all very new and strangely fascinating. Sometimes they waded through swamps filled with beautiful flowers. One evening they camped at a place where myriads of fireflies flew through the air, their little lights flickering off and on, much to the delight of the travelers.

Each day the caravan halted about noon, and the Africans crowded around Mackay crying, "*Posho, Bwana, posho* ["Food, Master, food"]!" Mackay would open a bale of cloth, measure off a number of twelve-foot lengths, and give a piece to each leader of a group of sixteen porters. The leaders would hurry to nearby villages and buy food for their men, using the cloth as payment. Sometimes it was hard to get food. In other areas water was even harder to obtain.

One morning Selim, one of the leaders, came to Mackay and reported that a porter had died during the night, and that

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he had sent a messenger to a nearby village for a replacement.

"Too bad," murmured Mackay. "Where is his body?"

"The body! What do you want with it?"

"We will give him a Christian burial."

"Bury the dead dog of a pagan? We have cast the body into the jungle. The jackals will soon take care of it."

Seizing the astonished Selim firmly by the arm, Mackay forced the unwilling guide to lead him to the spot where the body of the unfortunate porter was lying in the grass. He then ordered two Africans to bring spades and dig a grave. After saying a prayer over the dead man, Mackay had him respectfully buried. Selim was deeply impressed by the regard that this white man showed for a lowly porter.

About two weeks after leaving the coast the caravan began to climb the great plateau that stretched inland into Africa for hundreds of miles. The going became much harder, and progress was slow. Trying to hurry his slow-moving caravan, Mackay walked back and forth from the head of the party to the rear, spurring the men forward. As a result of this exertion, he became very ill, and for two days he had to ride one of the donkeys that had been carrying baggage. But the highlands proved more healthful than the fever-ridden coastal plains.

Six weeks after leaving the coast, Mackay and his caravan arrived at the little settlement of Mpwapwa. Here three of the missionary parties converged and exchanged reports of progress. The leaders of the other parties were sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Robertson. Since it had taken six weeks to travel a little more than two hundred miles, it was plain to see that many more weeks must pass before they would see the flashing waters of the great lake or stand in the presence of King Mtesa.

After resting a few days, two of the caravans departed, one

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of them led by Dr. Smith, the other by Mr. Mackay. But now the journey became even more difficult, owing to unfriendly chiefs who demanded tolls, or in their language, *bonga*. The white men must pay this, they said, for the privilege of passing through their land.

One day the travelers came to the village of one of these petty chiefs. When they sent him a present and requested permission to pass through his land, he replied that they must pay him fifty bales of cloth. Mackay protested that this was outrageous. But the chief replied, "The white man is a great sultan in his own country, and he must pay a big *bonga*."

Lieutenant Smith went to reason with the chief and found him sitting on a low stool, covered with dirt and grease, and drinking beer. After long argument the chief lowered his demand to forty-five bales.

Thinking to amuse the chief, Smith took out of his pocket a box of matches and struck a light. Pretending to be greatly frightened, the African fled shrieking, "The white man is trying to kill me!" They never saw him again, but because of this attempt to "bewitch" the chief, the party had to pay an additional twenty-five bales of cotton cloth.

As they entered Ugogo country, Mackay's fever returned more violently than before. For a while he was carried in a hammock by two porters. As he became no better, the caravan stopped until the other missionaries arrived. There was a long discussion concerning what should be done.

Dr. Smith, as kindly as he could, advised Mackay to return to Zanzibar, where he could regain his health. Then with another group of carriers bringing fresh supplies, he could follow them into the interior.

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It was difficult for Mackay to hide his disappointment, but he realized that it would be best for him to obey the doctor. The next morning he bade his friends good-by and sadly turned his face toward the coast.

For a time it seemed likely he would never reach it, so violent was his fever. But a friend passing up from Zanzibar into the interior stopped to nurse him for a few days. This man also handed Mackay a bunch of letters from Scotland. These, Mackay declared later, were the best medicine he could have received. Soon he was walking again, and he arrived at the coast only eleven days after leaving Mpwapwa.

A year had now passed since Stanley's letter appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*. Of the eight men who had so hopefully left London, one had died and one had returned sick to Zanzibar. The others were pressing on to find Mtesa, the great king of Uganda, who with his people still sat in darkness waiting for the coming of the missionaries promised by Stanley.

HE BUILT A ROAD



THE DAY after Mackay reached Zanzibar he paid a visit to the British consul, who had taken such a deep interest in the missionary expedition. The man listened as Mackay described the difficulties the white men had encountered and of his own bitter disappointment in not being able to accompany his companions into Uganda.

"What are your plans now, Mr. Mackay?"

"I must collect more porters and start for Uganda as soon as possible with supplies for my friends there."

"You will not find it easy this time to find the porters you need."

"Why not?"

"Because the best porters from the coastal region are with your friends now marching toward Uganda. But some of these, sick perhaps, or weary of the journey, have returned and have told their friends about the hardships of the march. I think you should go somewhere not too near Zanzibar for your recruiting."

Mackay found it difficult to believe that more porters could not easily be found, but a few days' tramping from village to

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village on the nearby mainland convinced him that the consul had spoken the truth. He returned to Zanzibar, this time to ask the consul where he could find the necessary men.

"I advise you to visit the villages around the Arab settlement at Malindi. It is a couple of hundred miles north of here. Two centuries ago the Portuguese had a fort there, but they have long since abandoned it."

Before leaving Zanzibar, Mackay received a letter from the secretary of the Missionary Society in London forbidding him to set out for the interior before the close of the rainy season.

"Why, that means a delay of at least six months," Mackay murmured in dismay. He read on.

"In the meantime we suggest that you employ your time and talents in building a permanent road to Mpwapwa. This would prove a great help to all other missionary parties entering Africa from the east coast."

Mackay showed this letter to the consul, who smiled as he read it.

"It is very evident that your friends have no idea of the conditions existing in this part of Africa, or perhaps any of Africa, for that matter. You had better write and tell them that such a road cannot be built."

"I shall write no such letter," Mackay replied, "until I have tried to follow their instructions."

A few days later in a hired boat he sailed up the coast to explore the possibility of building a road. Landing at Malindi with a cook and one carrier he began his long march back to Zanzibar, hiring porters wherever he could find them. It was the hardest trip of his life. He wrote to his father in faraway Scotland a description of his experiences.

"This walk was much harder than any I have made before.

HE BUILT A ROAD

Days of mangrove swamps, hours of wading nearly to the waist, and occasionally swimming across rapid, crocodile-infested rivers, gave me an appetite for food and rest.

"I had to dispense with the luxuries of a tent, bed, change of clothing, and such things. I have slept in all sorts of places—a cow stable, a sheepcote, a straw hut not much larger than a dog's kennel, a henhouse, and often in no house at all. So anything suits me, provided I get a spot tolerably clear of ants and mosquitoes. Of all the plagues of Egypt, none could have been worse than that of the black ants!"

He arrived back in Zanzibar completely exhausted. Malaria struck again, and it seemed for a time that his lifework would end then and there, but good nursing brought him back to health again.

Six weeks after returning from this trip he was ready to begin constructing a road into the interior. With a crew of about fifty men, whom he equipped with axes, hatchets, saws, and spades, he began this great task. He was determined to have a road wide enough for an ox cart. Constantly he pushed forward, yard by yard, cutting down trees, smashing rocks, building bridges over streams, seeking all the time to keep his company well fed and in good health.

Often in the evenings, sitting in the door of his tent like Abraham of old, he thought of his companions and wondered whether they had reached the court of King Mtesa.

The wood of some of the trees the workmen cut down was as hard as iron. At the close of each day Mackay set up his two-foot grindstone. With one of the Africans turning the handle he put back a cutting edge on the axes that had been blunted during the day. Nearby villagers often crowded into his camp to watch the sparks that flew from the grindstone.

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They came to dense jungles where it was dangerous for the workers to wander away from the group lest they become hopelessly lost. So dense were the creepers that sometimes when a tree was cut, it refused to fall, being held up by "monkey ropes." Branches and vines were so thickly matted overhead that even after the road had been cleared the sky could not be seen, and travelers walking along felt as if they were passing through a dark tunnel in the woods.

What the African workmen said about the white missionary who was engineering the road will never be known, because most of them spoke a dialect that Mackay did not understand. But when they sang at their work using the Swahili tongue, Alec smiled as he listened to the words they had written about him.

"Is not the white man very bad?
He fells to the ground the tall trees,
To make way for the Englishmen."

They came to a broad river. Eagerly the Africans watched to see what the wonderful white wizard would do. He had astonished them so many times that they had come to believe he could do anything. Mackay calmly set about building a bridge which at the end of seven days was ready for traffic. The wood of this bridge was so hard that Mackay declared it would last for many years, even defying the destructive efforts of the white ants.

On the one hundredth day after leaving the coast, Mackay and his triumphant crew brought their road into Mpwapwa, two hundred and thirty miles from the coast. Never before had the natives seen anything like it. Some were alarmed, particularly the chiefs. Did this road mean that the Englishmen planned to enter and take the country? The headmen held long



Mr. Mackay stood back and watched the tree fall.

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discussions among themselves. One of the chiefs actually demanded that Mackay pay him one hundred dollars for cutting down so many trees and building the road through his territory.

Mackay shook his head. "On the contrary, you should pay me for building it."

"Why?"

"Because now caravans from the coast going into the highlands will all choose to go along this road, and from them you will be able to levy much toll."

The chief could see the logic of this argument, and dropped his claim.

The return journey to the coast over the road took less than two weeks.

"Now," said Mackay to himself, "I shall be able to travel at least part of the way in a civilized manner."

He was happy to find that the strong carts he had ordered from India had arrived in Zanzibar during his absence. He bought a large number of oxen to pull these carts along the new road. He was particularly pleased to meet a new recruit, Mr. Tytherleigh, a Scotsman like himself, who was prepared to make the journey with him.

The rainy season continued. It would be unwise to start until the worst of the storms were over, so the two men spent their time training the oxen to pull in the yoke. The day came when they decided to wait no longer.

Six large heavily loaded carts, each pulled by several oxen, started out on the road to Mpwapwa. Mackay's entire party consisted of sixty men, thirty carrying baggage, and thirty looking after the oxen and carts. It was the task of this latter group to apply the brakes when the carts went down steep

hills, then to shout and encourage the oxen to pull harder when the road was uphill. Behind the carts plodded some reserve oxen as well as flocks of sheep and goats for the Africans to eat on the march.

Every cart was decorated with an identical flag, not the flag of England or of Scotland, but the flag of the church, consisting of a large red cross painted on a field of blue.

The first few days were discouraging. Every afternoon rain came down in torrents, and the carts stuck in oozy mud. The first day they traveled a little over three hundred feet! At the end of ten days they were just ten miles from their starting point. But gradually, as the oxen became more accustomed to their work, better progress was made.

One night as Mackay was sleeping on a mattress on his tent floor, he awoke with a strange burning sensation. Turning up the oil lamp, he saw that his tent had been invaded by thousands of warrior ants, all looking for something to eat, and quite prepared to make a meal of the missionary! Hastily he climbed onto the top of a box while his men tried to drive the pests away by setting fire to the grass around the tent, then spreading hot ashes across their trail. After an hour's battle the ants disappeared, but Mackay slept on top of the box for the rest of the night.

One day they came to a broad, swift river, swollen by recent rains. Once more the Africans watched to see what the white man would do. Curious to know how they would meet such a problem, Mackay turned to his African leader and asked: "What shall we do now, Devli? How can we get across the river?"

"You cannot, Bwana. Not until the water goes down."

"What shall we do, then?"

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"Just wait here."

"How long will that be?"

"Maybe two days, maybe two weeks."

Of course, Mackay was not one to sit for two weeks waiting for a river to subside. He knew that the oxen could pull the carts across, but if they did, all of the contents would be ruined in the water. After pondering the problem for a few minutes, he came up with a solution. First he ordered his men to remove the wheels from one of the carts, then to open a barrel of tar. With the tar he carefully calked every crack. Good swimmers were then sent across the river with ropes to be attached to a large tree on the opposite bank.

The empty cart was then used as a boat. Supplies were piled into it, and by means of the rope it was pulled across, emptied on the other side, and hauled back for another load. This continued until the supplies were all safely piled up on the opposite shore. Then the empty carts were driven through the river. From then on this plan was used whenever the travelers had to cross large rivers.

But Mackay's road proved difficult for travel during the rains. Time after time the carts tipped over or stuck fast in the mud. Once when Mackay was guiding a cart over a stream, his feet became entangled in some bushes. He fell directly in front of the heavy cart wheel, which passed over both legs, causing him great pain. Fortunately no bones were broken, but he could walk no more that day. Tossing their loads into a cart, two of his men improvised a hammock and carried the missionary in it the rest of the day.

One tragic day they entered a valley that looked like many others they had passed through. Hiding in it was a new and deadly foe. Thousands of brown flies swarmed around the men

and animals, stinging them and causing much pain. The germs carried by those flies did no permanent harm to the people, but they were fatal to the animals. One after another the oxen sickened and died. Before long not one was left. There stood the carts but no animals remained to pull them. Sadly, Mackay hired extra porters from nearby villages and emptied the carts, which were then left behind. Those carts had come by ship all the way from India at great expense, then they had been pulled over a road built at heavy cost. They now had to be abandoned because of the small but deadly tsetse fly.

About halfway to Mpwapwa, Mackay was surprised to meet two of his former companions. Mr. Clark and William Robertson came staggering along, both looking so pale and thin that Mackay hardly recognized them. Their sad experience was quickly told. Repeated attacks of malaria had rendered them so weak that the doctor had urged them to leave at once for the coast and England, declaring that they would surely die if they lingered in Africa.

"We shall do everything we can," they assured Mackay, "to find new recruits to come and take our places."

The sick men spent one wonderful night in fellowship with Mackay and Tytherleigh. Sadly they parted the next morning as Mackay and his companion continued their march into the interior.

At Mpwapwa, Mackay and his companion learned of yet another tragedy that had overtaken the mission party. From a passing trader they learned that the other missionaries had arrived at the lake. O'Neill had begun to assemble the boat, while Mr. Wilson and Lieutenant Smith went on to the court of King Mtesa. Then Lieutenant Smith had returned to help O'Neill with the boat and guide him to Uganda. While the two

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men were at work one day, a band of Africans attacked and killed them both. Mackay also learned that his close friend, Dr. Smith, had died before reaching Uganda.

This was heartbreaking news for Mackay and his companion. In a letter he wrote to a friend in the homeland a short time later, Mackay said: "Our good doctor, my own dear friend of many years, went to his rest nine months ago, and these brave brothers, Smith and O'Neill, have also fallen. There were eight of us sent out—two are sick, and four have gone to rest. Only two remain. Poor Africa!"

The day after learning of this tragedy, Mackay and Tytherleigh left Mpwapwa for the lake. The Africans were for the most part very friendly.

Then came a day when a severe attack of fever made it impossible for Tytherleigh to continue farther. Mackay did all he could to restore his companion's health, only to see him grow steadily weaker and finally fall asleep in death. There another grave was dug by the side of the road leading into a dark land. Lonelier than ever before in his life, Mackay marched on.

On the thirteenth of June, 1878, more than two years after sailing from London, Mackay stood in Kagei, a small settlement on the shores of Lake Victoria. There he found the *Daisy* lying on the beach unassembled. There he found something else, something that brought grief to his heart and tears to his eyes. It was a simple grave marker bearing the words: Doctor John Smith.

Gazing out over the blue waters, Mackay wondered how Mr. Wilson was getting on at the court of Mtesa. Or was he even there? Had he, perhaps, like so many of the others, laid down his life for Africa? Would Mackay be the sole survivor of

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that courageous party of eight who had forsaken the comforts of home for the perils of the jungle to bring the story of Jesus to the people of Uganda?

Far away to the northwest lay the land of Mtesa where he would find the answer.

IN MTESA'S COURT



AS ALEXANDER MACKAY looked over the mud-and-pole hut which his former companions, Smith and O'Neill, had occupied at the time of their death, he found some things for which he was deeply thankful. The supplies in the house had not been touched. The parts of the *Daisy* were piled in a grass shelter, waiting to be assembled. Several sacks of coal, fuel for the launch, lay nearby. Eagerly Mackay set to work to get the boat assembled.

The task proved more difficult than he had expected. Many parts had rusted during the long months since they had been placed there by porters. Some were missing. New parts had to be made from such supplies as Mackay could find. Nevertheless, by September the boat was riding on the water, ready for its long-postponed cruise to the land of King Mtesa.

One sparkling morning the *Daisy*, her low funnel belching smoke, pulled away from her anchorage and began the long cruise up the lake shore. During the first afternoon a violent storm came up. The eight natives Mackay hired had had no previous experience in handling so large a boat, and despite Mackay's desperate efforts, the *Daisy* was driven on some rocks

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near the shore and badly damaged. With the help of the Africans, Mackay salvaged the goods, but it took him eight long weeks to repair the holes in the hull. Laboring day after day in the hot sun, Mackay often wondered whether he would ever reach the goal toward which he had been pressing for more than two years.

At last the *Daisy* was repaired and ready to go. This time, instead of coasting along near the shore, Mackay kept the boat three or four miles out in the lake. On the first of November, 1877, Alexander Mackay dropped anchor in a quiet bay not far from Rubaga, Mtesa's capital. Word of his coming had reached the king's court, and Mr. Wilson, along with many high officers of the king's court, was on hand to welcome the long-expected missionary.

The crowd accompanied the two men to a house that had been prepared for Mackay near the king's palace. Unfortunately, Mtesa was ill the day Mackay arrived, but he sent greetings to the white missionary as well as a present of two goats.

Two days later the king held a reception and sent word that he wished to see Mackay. The two missionaries set out for the palace, carrying presents. As they walked along, messenger after messenger came running, commanding them to hurry. With as much dignity as they could command, the two men continued their march. Crossing a broad courtyard, they passed through two lines of soldiers, then in through the gates of the great house where the king awaited them.

Mtesa was sitting on a mat, dressed in a long white robe embroidered with gold braid. He nodded politely to the two men, then ordered a courtier to bring stools for them. For ten minutes the two parties sat in silence, simply looking at one



A storm came up suddenly, and before Mackay could do anything about it the *Daisy* was wrecked.

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another. Then, as was customary, the king began to speak, asking Mackay about his journey.

The missionaries presented their gifts to the king. Mackay took out his music box, and soon the song, "The Heavens Are Telling," rang through the great house, much to the delight of the ruler and his chiefs.

During the hours the conference continued, Mtesa expressed his entire satisfaction with what Mr. Wilson was doing for his country. He apologized for not being able to talk longer with the men, saying he was not feeling well. As the missionaries rose to leave, the whole court stood up also and followed them to their house. In the evening the king sent a present of ten fat cattle, some coffee, and honey. Mackay was satisfied that Mtesa was an intelligent man.

Following the conference the two missionaries had their long-awaited reunion. Mackay was eager to hear Mr. Wilson's story of all that had happened since his arrival more than a year before at the king's court. It was a long story that Wilson had to tell. He, O'Neill, and Lieutenant Smith had arrived at the lake with their caravan. Before they could get the *Daisy* assembled, two canoes had arrived from Mtesa to escort the white men to the capital. The emissaries brought a letter, written in English by a student, Mufta, who had gone to a Christian school in Zanzibar. The burning desire to see the dark-skinned king was rekindled as they read his words.

"To my dear friend white men I send this my servant that you may come quickly and therefore I pray you come to me quickly, and let not this my servant come without you. And send my salaam to Lukonye king of Ukerewe and this from me, Mtesa king of Uganda."

Mr. Wilson told Mr. Mackay that after some discussion

it was decided that O'Neill should stay with the boat parts and supplies while Smith and Wilson would go immediately to the king's court. Mtesa received them kindly, and their first interview was most interesting. The king rose from his royal chair, shook hands with the missionaries, then asked them about their adventures in coming to Uganda. After relating their story, they read a letter from the Church Missionary Society to the king urging him to treat the missionaries kindly and listen to their message.

The king ordered his guards to fire a salute. Musicians played and drums were beaten to show how happy everyone was. The white men presented some unusual gifts to the king, apologizing for the small number they had to offer, regretfully pointing out that many of their things had been stolen on the way.

"Never mind," replied Mtesa. "Great rivers swallow up small ones. Now that I have seen your faces, I do not look on the presents."

The next day they had another interview with the king. He asked the white men if they knew how to make guns and ammunition. They were the things the king was most eager to obtain. At the same time, looking into their faces, he confessed, "My heart is not good."

The missionaries told him that they had not come to Uganda to make guns. "If guns are all you want from us, then we should leave your kingdom."

"What did you really come for?" the king asked. "Was it to teach my people to read and write?"

"Yes, and whatever useful arts we may know."

The king smiled. Placing his hand over his heart, he spoke through the interpreter.

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"Tell them that now my heart is good. England is my friend. I have one hand in Uganda and the other in England."

A few days later Smith had left to join O'Neill and bring the *Daisy* to Rubaga. Wilson was horrified when he received the news that the two men had been killed, and Mtesa joined him in his sorrow. The ruler had been very kind, building him a house not far from the palace, also putting up a building that might serve as a school. Every Sunday the missionary held services in the king's court. Gifts came regularly from Mtesa.

As Mackay listened to Wilson telling all about what had happened, he was greatly encouraged. But the question uppermost in his mind had not been answered.

"Tell me," he asked anxiously, "has Mtesa shown any sign that he wants to become a Christian?"

Mr. Wilson shook his head. "I cannot say that I have seen any. He enjoys discussing religion and listening to Bible stories. But he is unwilling to make any real changes in his life. He drinks heavily, has three hundred wives, and continues to sell his people to Arab traders as slaves in exchange for cloth, guns, and ammunition."

"Is he ruling his people mercifully?"

"He certainly is not! He is known all over his country by the name of Musalaya, which means 'the causer of tears.' Hardly a day goes by without an execution, which is usually carried out most cruelly. About two weeks ago I was walking along the road when I met two of Mtesa's bodyguards escorting four of his wives to the hill of death, where they were beaten to death with heavy sticks."

"Why? Whatever had they done?"

"Mtesa was having stomach trouble, and he accused them of poisoning his beer."

Mackay sighed. "This is surely a land of darkness. Only the power of God can break the chains that bind both king and people in their evil habits."

The next day Mackay suggested they build a kiln and make several thousand bricks so they could build themselves a permanent house.

"That would be the worst possible thing we could do," Wilson protested.

"Why?"

"The Arabs have already told the king that we are the advance guard of an army of Englishmen who will come and steal his country. They say our first act will be to build a fortress right here in his capital. So you can understand why we dare not build a brick house."

"Yes, I can. But why are the Arabs so eager to make trouble for us?"

"They fear they may lose their influence over the king. They also fear that Mtesa may become a Christian and no longer reverence Mohammed."

So Mackay had to give up his plans for a more comfortable house. The two men continued living in their mud-and-pole hut with open holes in the walls for windows. Of course, in those days nobody knew that the seemingly harmless mosquito could carry the germs that cause malaria.

Four months later Mackay and Wilson were delighted when five more missionaries joined them. One of these, a doctor, soon became known far and wide for his wonderful skill in helping the sick. More huts were built, and the seven missionaries enjoyed living and working together.

The natives marveled at the wonders performed by the white men, especially in the shop Mackay had set up. He

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turned out furniture, sharpened axes and knives on the grindstone, and showed the Africans how to temper their tools in the forge so they would last much longer.

In the evenings he hung up a sheet, and with only a kerosene lamp for illumination, showed magic lantern pictures. The people watched his many activities with amazement. One day when he rolled several logs up a hill the people followed him shouting, "Mackay is the great spirit; Mackay is truly the great spirit."

After building a schoolhouse, Mtesa refused to allow his people to enter it. No one could imagine why until a counselor whispered to Wilson that the king feared some of his people might learn to do something he couldn't do—read and write.

After a few months, however, Mtesa saw how clever the white men were, and he decided that if his people were ever to advance they too must learn to read and write, so the ban was lifted. Soon the schoolroom was crowded with young men and boys sitting on the floor, learning the letters of the alphabet.

The new missionaries had brought a small printing press. Often, far into the night Mackay was busy setting type and printing pages for the lessons he would place in the hands of his pupils the next morning. The pupils learned quickly, and soon they were taking the sheets home and reading them to their astonished parents.

As the months went by, Mtesa became even more friendly. The king would often send for Mackay to talk with him by the hour about Europe and its wonders. When Mackay told Mtesa about railroads, steamships, telephones, and the telegraph, the king was astounded. Trying to explain these things to Mtesa in language he could understand, Mackay said, "My forefathers made the wind their slave; then they chained water; next they

enslaved steam; but now the terrible lightning is the white man's slave, and a good one it is, too!"

The Europeans soon learned that the men of Uganda did not like to work with their hands. They were lazy. Women and slaves did the work. On Christmas Day, Mackay read the story of the boyhood of Jesus, how for many years He had worked with His father at the carpenter bench in Nazareth.

"Don't you see," explained the missionary, "God has given you two hands, but only one mouth, showing that He expects you to work twice as much as you eat?"

One morning while Mackay was in the king's house an Arab trader arrived and asked to speak to the king. When brought in, he showed Mtesa some shining new guns, ammunition, and cloth. Of course the king wanted these things, but he must never let the trader know.

"How much?" he asked indifferently.

"One red cloth for each male slave, one gun for two slaves, and one hundred caps for a female slave."

The king turned to Mackay and asked whether these were fair prices. Should he accept the offer? Mackay seized this opportunity, for which he had been waiting a long time.

"If Your Majesty could only see how the Arabs treat their slaves on the long march to the coast, you would never sell your people into their hands again. They put their heads into slave stocks, beat them cruelly, and force them to carry heavy loads of ivory on their backs. Sometimes the mothers cannot keep up the march. Then the Arabs seize their children, throw them into the jungle, and drive the mothers on."

Mackay drew so vivid a picture that Mtesa vowed then and there to sell no more slaves, and the Arabs had to be satisfied to trade for ivory only. The missionary, however, knew that Mtesa

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was fickle, and feared he would change his mind. So one day he took a physiology book to the palace. He showed the king pictures of the various organs of the human body and described how the blood circulates to every part, performing its wonderful task. He described how the human eye works, also the ear.

"Yet," he continued, "the Arabs want to buy these perfect bodies for just a rag of cloth which a skilled workman can make in one day."

Mtesa was impressed, and that very day he signed a decree forbidding anyone in his kingdom to sell one of his people as a slave. Anyone found doing so would be put to death.

"The best decree you have ever made, King Mtesa," exclaimed Mackay. Unfortunately it required more than a law from the king to stop the terrible slave traffic in the more distant parts of the kingdom.

Great was the wrath of the Arabs. Around their fires they cursed Mackay and vowed to do everything in their power to force him to leave Uganda.

THE GREAT WIZARD



ONE MORNING as Mackay was busily hammering out steel pans for one of the chiefs, a servant appeared at the door. The man stuttered excitedly.

"Come quickly, sir. There are visitors to see you."

"Bring them here. They can talk while I work. I wish to finish this job today."

"Oh, sir, they are white men. We do not know where they came from."

Greatly puzzled, Mackay laid down his hammer, washed his hands in a bucket of water by the door, and went to meet the strangers. He found two white men resting on his veranda. One glance at their long black robes and shaved heads told him that they were Catholic priests.

As they knew little English, and he only a little French, they spoke together in German, which they all talked fluently. The two men had been sent from France to begin mission work in Uganda. Mackay invited them to lunch and they gladly accepted. The next morning at the hour for the royal council, he took the priests and introduced them to the king.

Mtesa welcomed them to his country. Perhaps he thought

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they would be able to perform even greater wonders with their hands than Mackay had done. He gave them a piece of land on which to build a house, and during the following weeks he talked frequently with them. Before long they were trying to persuade him to accept the teachings of their church, which they said was the only true one. One morning when Mackay was present in the council, Mtesa expressed his confusion.

"At first I was a heathen, worshipping the spirits of my ancestors. Then the Arabs came. They told me there are no spirits, but that I should believe the words of the prophet Mohammed and worship Allah. I agreed. Then came Stanley and Mackay and Wilson, and they told me Mohammed was not a true prophet, that I should believe on Isa [Jesus]. I agreed to do this. Now come these two men who also follow Isa, but they say I must be baptized into their church and that if I am not, I shall burn in a great fire forever. What am I to believe? Who is right? Does every white man have a different religion?"

This question none of his counselors could answer. No wonder the king was becoming confused.

King Mtesa proved to be a very changeable man. Sometimes he would be kind to the French missionaries. He would send them gifts and talk with them for hours. At other times he would call for Mackay, give him rich presents, and talk with him. Then after a few more months, he would apparently forget that the missionaries had come to Uganda at his express invitation, and for weeks would send them no food at all. There were many days when both the English and the French missionaries suffered hunger. Then the king's mood would change, and again oxen, goats, and great bunches of bananas would arrive at the mission houses.

One Sunday morning the ruler invited Mackay to hold

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services in his court. At his command, all of his wives and counselors were present. The missionary read the parable of the sower and the seed, related by Jesus long ago. Then he explained its meaning, emphasizing that perhaps some listening that very day might have hearts so hard that the seeds of truth could not benefit them. He hoped that many would have hearts like the good soil in the story, hearts ready to accept the sayings of Jesus. Mtesa was deeply impressed. Turning to his chiefs, he said earnestly, "Isa! Was there ever anyone like Him?"

At this time King Mtesa was not well, and for many months he became steadily worse. When the missionary doctor visited him and treated him, he seemed to improve. But, not willing to turn from his beer drinking and his other bad habits, the king soon became worse than before.

"It is because you have abandoned the religion of your fathers and are favoring the white man's God that this has come upon you," whispered the superstitious chiefs. As he became steadily worse, Mtesa began to wonder whether this might not be so. He even suggested one day that the white men had cast a spell over him and that because of this they were responsible for his sickness.

Mackay realized that many of the chiefs hated him. At court there were many Arabs who took every opportunity to poison the king's mind against the strangers who had turned him from Mohammedanism toward Christianity.

Whispers began to circulate. "As soon as the king is dead, all the white men will be killed."

More than two years had passed since the missionaries had visited England. Now they wished to go and report to their Mission Society headquarters and get more money and fresh supplies for carrying on their work. At first Mtesa flatly refused to

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allow them to leave his country. Finally, he decided to send three of his own subjects to visit the great queen of England, with two of the missionaries acting as guides and serving as interpreters. This left only Mr. Mackay and Mr. Litchfield, one of the recently arrived missionaries, in Uganda.

Several months later the group that went to England returned. The African travelers had wonderful tales to tell about the missionaries' strange country.

"Your eyes have been bewitched," declared the king. "Did you see the queen?"

"Yes, we saw her. She wears many beautiful clothes."

"Is she fat or thin?"

"She is quite fat, your majesty."

"Good, did you see her husband?"

"No. He has been dead for nearly twenty years."

"And she has not taken another husband? Will no one take pity on her and marry her?"

To this question, of course, the Africans could make no reply.

"Has she many children?" continued the king.

"Yes, and several of them are daughters."

The king thought about this information for many days. A new idea began to turn over in his royal mind. He sent for Mackay to come quickly one day. Wondering what new crisis had arisen, the missionary hurried to the palace. Mtesa greeted him kindly.

"Mr. Mackay, I want you to write a letter for me in very good English. I want you to send it to Queen Victoria, whom my people saw in England. Tell her I wish to marry one of her daughters, and that I am prepared to give a thousand elephant tusks for her."

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"Your Majesty," Mackay replied, "I fear she would not come to Uganda. You see, there are no other white women here, and she would be very lonely."

"Surely she could bring some of her slave girls with her," Mtesa countered.

Mackay explained that in England women married men whom they had learned to know and love. He did not think the princess would marry someone she had never seen. Mtesa was surprised to hear all this, and wisely dropped the subject.

As the months passed, the king's health became steadily worse. His heathen mother continued to urge him to return to the worship of the spirits.

Far out on an island in Lake Victoria lived the most powerful witch doctor in all the land, the Great Wizard of the Lake. He claimed to have the power to kill and make alive, to destroy and to heal. The rumor began to circulate that the king had decided to yield to his mother's wishes and send for this man to come to the royal house and heal him. Apparently the wizard heard this rumor, for he began to act as if he rather than Mtesa were the king of Uganda.

Even the Arab traders found the wizard working against them. When they tried to find canoes to transport them to Kagei with their ivory so they might go to Zanzibar to obtain more goods, they found that the wizard had commanded that no canoes should leave Uganda until he had visited the king and healed him.

The Arabs complained to Mtesa, who, surprised at what the wizard had done, promptly gave orders that the Arabs be supplied with canoes. But the superstitious people refused to disobey the orders of the all-powerful witch doctor.

After months of preparation the wizard sailed to the main-

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land, accompanied by many followers in their boats. A temporary house was erected for him not far from the court, and he moved into it with his drums, his charms, and his strange medicines. Every day gifts of choice fruit and fat cattle were left at his door. Excitement was everywhere, for was not the wizard about to visit the king and heal him?

But Mukasa, the wizard, was in no hurry. The longer he postponed healing the king, the richer he became. He would display his power only when the proper time came.

Mackay and the other missionaries knew they faced a crisis. If Mtesa received this witch doctor, he would be proclaiming that he had returned to his heathen ways again, and was turning his back on the religion of Jesus. Had the missionaries gained nothing for all their work? So far, not one African had requested baptism. Were they all waiting to see what the king would do? With his fellow missionaries Mackay prayed that God would in some way defeat the plans of the wizard. At the same time he decided to try to discover what was happening at court.

On December 11, 1879, Mackay attended an important royal council. A number of items were discussed by the king and his chiefs. Seeing that Mtesa was in a good humor, Mackay stepped forward, then sat down on a stool in front of the king.

"May I have permission to ask a question?"

"Speak on, my friend," replied the king.

"What is a wizard?"

A gasp went around the room. Surely everyone knew what a wizard was! But Mtesa was not offended. He tried to explain that a wizard was a man in whose heart dwelt the spirits of the gods. A wizard could talk to the dead. He had power to help people and make the sick well.

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Mackay felt that the time had come to speak boldly. He denied that a wizard could talk with the dead or heal the sick.

"I sit before you, your servant and the servant of Almighty God," he went on in slow, solemn tones. "In His name I beg of you to have no dealings with this wizard, no matter who tries to persuade you to do so."

Mackay looked at the king. Seeing that Mtesa showed no sign of anger, he continued.

"If Mukasa is a wizard, then he is a god, and there are two gods in Uganda—the Lord God Almighty and Mukasa. If Mukasa is only a man, then there are two kings in Uganda—Mtesa, whom we all honor and love, and this Mukasa who pretends to have so much power."

"What makes you think he is the king of Uganda?"

"Because when the king ordered the people to rent canoes to the traders, the wizard forbade them to do so. The people obeyed the man whom they feared most."

The king nodded his head. He had not forgotten the incident. A long discussion followed. Many chiefs defended the wizard and urged the king to accept his treatment. Mackay said he was not opposed to the giving of medicine or of Mtesa's accepting any help the wizard might give by natural means. But he was opposed to Mukasa's claim that he obtained his power from the spirits of the dead.

The matter was not settled that day, nor for many days. But as Mtesa's condition worsened, he became more inclined to allow the wizard to visit him.

One day after a particularly long discussion on the subject, Mtesa stated, "We will leave both the Arab's religion and the European religion, and we will go back to the religion of our fathers."



Mackay held out his blackened hands to King Mtesa.

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Many of the chiefs were pleased to hear this. They bowed, clapped their hands, and shouted, "Thank you! Thank you!"

The king turned to Mackay. "Why did you come to Uganda?"

"I came in response to the king's own request made to Mr. Stanley for someone to teach him and his people about the true God."

"I thought you came to teach us how to make guns and gunpowder, and that is what I want you to do." Mtesa was angry.

"That is not why we came. Our first work is to teach the Word of God."

"If that is your main object then you are forbidden to teach any more. I only want you to work for me."

"We never refuse your requests. There is not a chief in this room for whom I have not worked."

Mackay lifted his hands, blackened from daily toil at the forge, and stretched them out toward the king.

The king did not answer.

One of the chiefs shouted, "You are to stop teaching the people to read, and only work for the king and for us."

"If that is your wish, I cannot stay."

"Where will you go?"

"Back to England."

After more discussion the council broke up without reaching any decision.

Three days later the new moon for which the wizard had been waiting, appeared. With a great beating of drums and accompanied by hundreds of his shouting, deluded followers, Mukasa walked slowly up the hill and into the king's great house.

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No one knows what medicines the wizard gave the king, but they proved to be useless. The king became no better, although for several days he tried to pretend that he had been cured. Finally, on the last day of the year, the king commanded the wizard to leave his court and return home. The cure had failed. What would Mtesa do next?

FIRST FRUITS



THE HEATHEN chiefs were pleased when Mtesa allowed the wizard to treat him. They felt sure that their king was returning to the religion of his forefathers, and that Mackay and the other missionaries were defeated. Many who had been attending the mission school stopped coming, thinking that the white men were in disfavor.

They soon discovered, however, that the king could change his religion as easily as he changed his clothing. One day they were confused when the king turned angrily upon them and shouted, "Why are you not continuing to learn to read? You are all trying to gather riches for this world. You had better prepare for the world to come. These white men have come all the way from Europe to teach you religion. Why don't you learn?"

After this tirade, many flocked back to the school, and the work of learning continued. Still, things were difficult for the missionaries. Their money was nearly gone, their clothing tattered; they needed oil for their lamps, paper on which to print the reading lessons, and many other necessities.

The following April, Mr. Mackay traveled five hundred

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miles to Uyui on the south side of the lake, where he found some missionaries from England with plentiful supplies of nearly everything he needed. Toward the end of the year he returned to Uganda.

During Mackay's absence Mtesa had an unusual dream, which swayed him back toward Mohammedanism. In his sleep he thought he saw an angel, who asked him why he no longer prayed to Allah. Then the angel stated, "If you wish to be prosperous and your land to grow, return at once to the custom of praying to Allah."

The next morning the king told this dream to his startled chiefs, asking what they thought it could mean. All decided that Mohammedanism must be the true religion, and that they should promptly return to it. Mackay was surprised and disappointed upon his return to find the king practicing the religion of the prophet from Arabia. The missionary returned to his work, teaching school part of the day, and working the rest of the time in his shop at whatever task he was asked to do.

The Arabs took advantage of Mtesa's changed attitude and tried to poison his mind against the missionaries. Hoping that Mtesa would someday drive all the Europeans from his country, they began to accuse them of all sorts of crimes. With the missionaries gone, no one would be able to spoil their plans or enjoy greater influence with the king than they. These Arabs were still angry because Mackay had persuaded Mtesa to stop the slave trade.

Like most African chiefs, Mtesa enjoyed discussions, particularly if they were exciting. So one morning, just to start the chiefs talking, he casually remarked, "Mackay is mad."

The waiting Arabs pounced.

"Your Majesty, if you only knew the truth about Mackay, you would not allow him to remain in your country another day. He is a bad man, a dangerous man, a man who must be watched all the time."

"What are you talking about? Mackay has done Uganda no harm."

"You say that because you do not know him or his past history. We have been to Zanzibar, where everybody knows Mackay. Many years ago he had to flee from England because he murdered two men. On a ship going to India, Mackay pointed a gun at the captain's head and forced him to go to Zanzibar instead, so he could get off there. He then killed two more men, fled upcountry to Unyanyembe, and tried to murder the governor. When this was discovered, he fled here to Uganda."

"How did you learn all this?" the king demanded.

One of the Arabs stepped forward. He spread out his hands toward the king.

"I know it is true. Mackay knows that we have heard all about him. Only last night he sneaked into my house and offered ten tusks if I would keep quiet and not tell you about his past history."

Mtesa was too intelligent to be deceived by these wild stories. Besides, he needed Mackay, the most useful man in the kingdom. No one could replace him.

Mackay was sorry when a friend who had attended the royal council told him about all the lies the Arabs had told concerning him. That night he wrote those stories and his thoughts about them in his diary.

"The charge of carrying my revolver is false, for I almost invariably march unarmed, having only an umbrella. To quiet

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the Arabs, the king said that the best thing to do was to send me home as being a disturber of the peace. I do not expect him to do so, however, for he knows very well that these charges are false."

The Arabs, however, never ceased to speak evil of the missionaries at every opportunity. One morning they said, "The English are taking advantage of your illness, O king. Since you are not able to go about, you have not seen the great castle of clay which they are building. They plan to make a strong fort, and they have many guns. When they finish building, they will fight."

It was a wild charge, and too ridiculous even for the king to swallow.

Mtesa retorted, "The English are at Zanzibar and have not yet taken that place away from the sultan. Is it likely that they will begin fighting here when they have not 'eaten' any part of the coast?"

The Arabs refused to be silenced.

"Do you know that Mapera [the French Catholic priest] has many guns? He has bought fifty slaves and is training them to shoot the guns. When they are ready, they will declare war against you."

"Nonsense," replied the king. "Mapera is not a fighting man. I have accepted your religion and rejected that of the Europeans, so you should be satisfied. Now stop saying bad things against them."

But the relentless battle continued for the minds and hearts of the people of Uganda. For three years Mackay and his companions had been sowing the gospel seed. When would come the harvest?

One evening as the missionaries were preparing for their

night's rest, there came a gentle tap at the back door of the house. Mackay opened it, looked around, and at first could see nothing. Then he noticed a scrap of paper lying on the ground by the door. He reached down and picked it up. Carrying it inside, he spread it out on the table beside the oil lamp, and read it. What joy that brief note brought to the stouthearted missionaries!

"Bwana Mackay," it said, "Sembera has come with compliments and to give you news. Will you baptize him, because he believes the words of Jesus Christ?"

"Sembera!" Mackay's eyes lighted up with joy as he pronounced that name. "He isn't a king or a chief, or even a free man, just a humble slave. But he is as precious in the sight of God as Mtesa himself."

On a piece of clean paper Mackay wrote these words:

"Dear Sembera, Your words give us great joy. Come tonight to our house and we will prepare you for baptism." He slipped the letter into Sembera's waiting hands in the school the next morning.

To the missionaries, that seemed the longest day of their lives. Would Sembera dare to come? As darkness gathered, they prayed together, waiting for the tap on the door. After a while they heard it and admitted Sembera. The young man stepped into the lamplight and stood before the white men. They talked with him for more than two hours, instructing him further in the things he still needed to understand. They agreed that each evening they would teach him more of the gospel story and the plan of salvation.

Sembera became a true missionary. He won two of his companions for Christ. Even his old master became a Christian because of the words and deeds of Sembera, his slave.



Witch doctors brought their charms to Mr. Mackay.

FIRST FRUITS

This boy was the first of a group of Waganda youth who requested baptism into the church. A few months later, five converts were baptized together, and their names were written in the church register. Then they sat down with the missionaries and shared their first communion service. Mackay felt that his cup of joy was running over. This was why he had come to the kingdom of Uganda.

From then on the movement spread so rapidly that the missionaries were astonished. Soon many Africans were coming regularly to the mission to learn more about Jesus, some walking three, four, even five hours to reach the house. Witch doctors surrendered their charms, filling a large basket with them. Quite a discussion followed regarding what should be done with them.

At the suggestion of one of the converts, a fisherman, Mackay took a cloth bag, put the charms into it, then a heavy stone, and tied it up. A few days later the fisherman reported that all of the charms were at the bottom of the lake, where they would never be seen again by those who had worshiped them for so long.

Some of the converts met with fierce opposition. Many of the women had husbands who hated the white men and wanted nothing to do with their religion. Who would make their beer if all their women turned Christian? Many of these women were beaten when they continued to come to the mission house.

One Christian boy, Philipo Mukawa, worked in the king's house. When the Arab chiefs began to chant the Moslem prayers and bow in prayer toward Mecca, Philipo refused to join them. Since Mtesa was favoring the Arabs at the time, he became angry and had Philipo placed in the stocks all night. In

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the morning the king asked the boy whether he was now willing to pray to Allah. When the youth refused, Mtesa banished him to a distant part of the kingdom.

But the opposition could not stop the spread of Christianity. By October, 1884, nearly one hundred Waganda had been baptized. Men, women, and children were being born again with new hearts, pure and clean.

Mackay and his fellow missionaries suffered from attacks of malaria, and from diseases caused by drinking impure water. No wells had ever been dug in Uganda, and no one had ever heard of a pump.

After talking to his companions, Mackay decided to dig a well on the ten-acre plot of land they had purchased. When the three men began their project, the Waganda stood around wondering why the white men were digging. When Mackay told them that they were hoping to find clean pure water, they scoffed. They had never heard of anyone finding water in the ground. Did not Mackay know that the rain always comes down from above?

For a time the missionaries threw the dirt out of the hole with shovels. When it became too deep for this, they installed a rope with pulley and bucket, and in this way continued to dig on down through heavy clay. About twenty feet down they found a stream of clear water just as Mackay had predicted. The hole filled quickly until the water was about four feet deep. The missionary engineer then took a pump he had brought from London, fastened a piece of pipe to it, and placed it over the hole. He pumped vigorously, and out poured a large stream of clear cold water.

Never had the Waganda seen anything like it, and their excitement was great.

"Mackay is the great spirit. He is truly the great spirit!" they shouted.

A few days later Mackay was surprised to see a procession coming along the road from the palace. Seated in his beautifully ornamented special chair and carried on the shoulders of his subjects, came the king of Uganda. His courtiers had told him about the strange machine that made water run uphill, and he had come to see it for himself.

Mackay demonstrated the pump to Mtesa and tried to explain how it worked. Next he brought out a diamond and showed the king how it could cut glass. Finally he exhibited a yoke, explaining how it could be put around the necks of oxen, which in this way could be used to haul loaded carts, and even to pull plows.

The king was utterly astonished. "There must remain nothing for white men to learn!" he exclaimed. "They know everything!"

"We know yet only the beginnings of things. Every year we make advances in knowledge," replied Mackay.

"Do you think my Waganda can ever become clever like the Bazungu [white people]?"

"Yes, and perhaps even more clever."

King Mtesa only laughed. "I don't believe it." Of course the chiefs laughed when the king did.

"Is it not the case," asked Mackay soberly, "that the scholar usually becomes wiser than his teacher? The skill of the white men today is much greater than their skill was a year ago, while tomorrow they will be wiser than they are today. The pupil stands on the shoulders of his teacher. He sees all that his master sees, and a great deal more."

Everyone seemed pleased. The chiefs crowded around Mac-

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kay and shook his hand as they left to return to the court with their king.

"Oh, if only they would become as interested in the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven as they are in this simple pump," Mackay wrote to a friend. "How I long to see them drinking of the water of life."

A NEW JOB FOR MACKAY



ONE MORNING while Mackay was teaching in the school he was surprised to receive a summons to come to the royal council. Turning the class over to his assistant, he hurried to the big house, where he found many chiefs, some from distant parts of the kingdom. A glance at the face of the king told Mackay that the monarch was seriously troubled.

"I have called you today to tell you that my mother is very ill. She was sick last week, was worse yesterday, and is still worse today. If you are heathen," he looked around the circle, "pray to the spirits. If you are Moslems, pray to Allah; and, if you are Christians, pray to the God of heaven that she may soon get better."

A few unimportant matters were then discussed, and the council was dismissed. Mackay lingered to offer his sympathy to the king.

"Do you think our doctor might help your mother?"

"I have thought of that," the king replied. "But you see, my mother has no confidence in foreign medicines. You have no idea how strong she is for the ways of our fathers. No man may come into her presence wearing calico or any type of cloth not

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made in Uganda. The witch doctors have been with her constantly for days, but they have done her no good."

"I shall certainly pray for her recovery. But she is old, you know, and we must all die sometime."

"That is true, but still the parting is hard. Thank you for coming today. I feel that you are a real friend." Never had the king spoken more kindly.

That night as the missionaries were eating supper they heard the sound of drums from the direction of the palace.

"I presume that means the queen mother is dead," one of the missionaries remarked. Shortly afterward a messenger arrived from the king with the news. He asked Mackay to come to court the first thing in the morning.

The next day, long before he reached the big house, Mackay heard the loud wailing of thousands of voices. Just before going in to see Mtesa, he was met by the *katikiro*, or prime minister, who told him about the mourning regulations that would be enforced throughout the country. Thirty days had been set aside for official mourning. During that time no work was to be done in any part of the kingdom. No boat could leave, nor could anyone even carry a load until after the burial of the queen mother. Mackay thanked the *katikiro* for telling him this, as otherwise he might in ignorance have violated the law.

In the house the missionary paid his respects to the king and offered his sympathy. Around the room sat the chiefs dressed in rags and crying, or rather roaring, as Mackay wrote in his diary.

The king reached out and took Mackay by the hand, saying, "Mackay, it is my desire to bury my mother as no person was ever buried in Uganda before. I have already ordered my peo-

ple to bring fifty thousand bark cloths to place in the grave. Tell me now, how are kings and queens buried in Europe?"

"It is the custom there," replied the white man, "to bury the king or any member of the royal family in three coffins. The inner one is made of finely polished wood. The second one, which encloses the first, is made of lead. The third, or outside box, is made of wood and entirely covered with cloth."

"Would you be able to make three coffins for my mother's funeral?" asked King Mtesa.

"I will be glad to do anything I can for Your Majesty, but where can I find the necessary materials?"

"There should be no trouble finding wood, since there are forests in many parts of my kingdom. But what is lead?"

"It is a very heavy metal. We have a few pounds of it at the mission house, where we use it in making letters for the printing press; but not nearly enough would be available for constructing a large coffin."

"Would it be possible to make a coffin of copper? I think there is much of that metal in the country."

"Yes, I think copper would prove just as satisfactory as lead."

"Good. Then I shall send for copper."

"Very good. Send for the copper, and I will start on the wooden coffin first."

The call for copper went out all over the kingdom. The king's subjects started bringing many kinds of copper articles, such as large trays of exquisite Egyptian workmanship, copper drums, copper pans, pots, and plates.

Mackay decided that the first coffin should be made just large enough to hold the body of the queen mother. So he went to the palace and asked permission to measure the body. The

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royal ladies were horrified at such an idea, but the master of the palace assured them that Mackay had come at the express command of the king.

Unwillingly, the women allowed him to take the necessary measurements. He then built the first coffin of fine hardwood, lined it with cotton batting, and covered it with snow-white calico, fastened down with hundreds of copper-headed tacks.

Making the copper coffin took far longer. From sunrise to sunset Mackay toiled at his task. Almost every hour someone would arrive from the palace to inspect his work and carry back a report to the king. The native workmen could do almost nothing. What they did try to do, they spoiled, so that most of the time they simply sat, smoked, and watched Mackay at work.

Some of the jealous Arabs thought this a good time to manufacture more lies about Mackay. First they told the king that the missionary had made the copper coffin much too small, and that he had taken most of the copper brought to him and hidden it under his house. The boards sent for the larger coffin likewise he had hidden away, they said, as the white man wanted to use them for building a larger house. But Mtesa refused to listen.

"You know very well you couldn't do what Mackay is doing, not if you worked for ten years. Can a woman cook plantains well if you hurry her?" he spoke scornfully.

At last the three coffins were ready. More than one hundred boards had been used for the outer one, which was enormous. Even the board coffin was lined with calico. A thousand men accompanied the parts to the grave, where it was assembled.



Mackay built the first coffin of fine hardwood.

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The grave had been dug right in the center of the queen mother's house. It was thirty feet deep, twenty feet long, and fifteen feet wide. The palace women first placed the body in the inner coffin, which was then inserted inside the huge copper box. The lid of this copper coffin was then placed in position and riveted shut.

As the Africans watched Mackay snap off the heads of the rivets with his pincer-pliers, they could not refrain from shouting in amazement, "He cuts iron like thread! Mackay is a proper smith!"

It took fifty men to lift, then lower the copper coffin into the great wooden box that looked more like a house than a coffin. On top of and all around the copper coffin the workmen draped thousands of yards of unbleached calico and bark cloth. The lid of the outer coffin was shut and the great box was lowered into the grave. Mackay then went down into the grave and nailed the lid shut, thus completing his task as royal undertaker.

Mackay estimated that the total cost of the materials used for Queen Namasole's funeral amounted to at least seventy-five thousand dollars. The king was very grateful to the missionary who had made it possible to have a funeral such as Uganda had never seen before.

A few weeks later the king called a special council to discuss the royal burial. Many of the older chiefs discussed former funerals and told of how hundreds of people had been sacrificed, that their spirits might accompany the dead king into the spirit world.

Turning to Mackay, Mtesa asked, "Tell me, friend Mackay, how do they bury in your country? Did you see any human sacrifices on such occasions?"

A NEW JOB FOR MACKAY

Before Mackay could reply, Masudi, an old Arab, began describing how several thousand Africans had been slain at the funeral of Mtesa's grandfather.

Mackay raised his hands in horror.

"Do not mention such things," he protested. "They are much too cruel to discuss in the presence of such a civilized king as Mtesa. You, Mtesa, have far surpassed anyone, not only in Africa and in Arabia and in India but even in Europe itself. I have never heard of so much valuable cloth being put into a royal grave as you buried with your mother!"

The vain king smiled on hearing these flattering words. But to Mackay this was a golden opportunity for an appeal to the heathen ruler to accept Jesus as his Saviour. So he continued his speech.

"But let me tell you that one day all that fine cloth and those fine coffins will be rotten. It may take ten years or it may take a hundred, or even a thousand, but someday all will be dust and the body inside will decay. To the Christian this means little, for the important thing is how the individual has lived. Even your own greatness and that of your chiefs will pass away. But if you accept Jesus Christ, the Son of God, you will have riches that will never pass away."

For a few moments there was absolute stillness in the council house. Mtesa sat apparently in deep thought. Perhaps he was weighing in his mind what it would cost him if he became a Christian. If so, it is evident he did not give sufficient attention to what it would cost him to remain a heathen. Turning to the missionary, he began making the same old excuses for not accepting Christ.

"There are these two religions. When Masudi reads his book, the Koran, the white men call it lies; when the white

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men read their Book, Masudi calls it lies. How can anyone know who is telling the truth?"

Standing in that heathen court, Mackay thought of the question Pilate had asked Jesus so long before, "What is truth?" Now Mtesa was in effect asking the same question and with no more sincerity than was displayed by the Roman governor.

Deeply impressed by the Spirit of God, the missionary walked to the mat directly in front of the king, who was seated in his royal chair. Kneeling, he stretched out his hands to the king. Never before had he spoken so solemnly.

"O Mtesa, my friend, do not always repeat that excuse! When you and I stand before God at the great day of judgment, do you think you can reply to Almighty God that you did not know what to believe because Masudi told you one thing and Mackay told you another? You have the New Testament; read there for yourself. God will judge you by that. There never was anyone yet who looked for truth in that Book and did not find it."

There was another period of profound silence in the royal hall. All eyes turned toward the king. Every ear listened breathlessly for his answer to this solemn appeal. But Mtesa was not prepared to make a decision. Smiling in a friendly way, he thanked Mackay for the deep interest he had always shown in his welfare.

"I shall think seriously of your words, friend Mackay, but not today. On some later day I will let you know the results of my thoughts."

"Thus did Felix reply to Paul," wrote Mackay in his diary that night.

Like King Agrippa of old, the black king was almost per-

A NEW JOB FOR MACKAY

suaded to become a Christian, but like the Jewish king before him, he never made the final decision. Gradually his health became worse. The time came when he could no longer leave his palace. Mackay continued to visit with him there. Two years after his mother's death, King Mtesa died as he had lived most of his life—a heathen.

DARK DAYS



IT WAS nearly midnight. Philip O'Flaherty sat before a little table, busily writing letters to friends in Scotland. Suddenly he heard something, or was it only his imagination? Then he heard it again—a soft voice repeating his name. He went to the window of the two-story house and looked out into the darkness. For a few seconds he could see nothing. Then he heard the voice again.

“Bwana Filipo! Bwana Filipo!”

He recognized the voice of Sentaba, a faithful African Christian who worked in the king's court.

He walked down the stairs and out onto the veranda. Two figures, Sentaba and a friend, stepped out of the darkness.

“King Mtesa has just died,” they whispered. “You must fortify your house. Nobody knows what may happen. They may plunder your house and even try to kill you. We are going to warn the other Christians. Farewell.”

The two figures disappeared into the darkness.

This was serious news, though not altogether unexpected. O'Flaherty awakened Mr. Ashe, a recent missionary arrival, and told him the news. At the palace the drums were already

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sending out their rhythmic boom, boom, boom. The wails of the women and palace family helped to spread the news far and wide that the king was dead. No one knew what to expect. Would thousands of people be killed? That is what had often happened in the past when a king had died. Law and order might break down until a new king was chosen and installed.

The missionaries wondered which of Mtesa's many sons would be chosen. Soon the ancient chiefs from all parts of the country would gather at Rubaga to select the next king. The eldest son was never chosen. After the new king was installed it was customary for him to kill all of his brothers so there might be no one to plot against him and try to steal his throne. After that, thousands of people might be killed. The missionaries thought of this possibility. Most of the night they sat, awaiting an attack which fortunately did not come.

Mackay was not with the missionary group that night. He was twelve miles away on the lake shore, working on the mission boat. As the sun was setting the following evening he saw people from a nearby village rushing toward him. They were armed with spears and shields. Quickly they told him the news.

Starting up his boat, Mackay steered it some distance from the shore and there dropped anchor for the night. He was anxious to know what had happened to his fellow missionaries in the capital. He planned to keep the boat at a distance from the shore. Perhaps Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. Ashe might escape, then the boat could carry them all to safety in some nearby African country.

Fortunately the boat was not needed for this purpose. The katikiro—the prime minister—exercised sufficient power to prevent the usual cruel massacres and looting that had marked the death of so many former kings. A council was held, and

the Arab chiefs strongly urged that the white men be killed immediately and their goods seized; but to this suggestion the katikiro and many of the chiefs would not agree. The next vital question was who should become king. Hours of discussion followed.

One morning the missionaries saw one of their Christian boys running toward the mission house.

"Mwanga has eaten Uganda!" they shouted. "Mwanga has been chosen king!"

To the missionaries this sounded like good news. Mwanga, a lad of about eighteen years, closely resembled his father, Mtesa. The young man had often come to the mission school. There he had learned to read. The Europeans remembered his eagerness to learn and his many questions.

They remembered a question they had asked him one day.

"If you should be chosen king when your father dies, how would you treat us?"

He had quickly replied, "I shall like you very much, and show you every favor."

Now the missionaries wondered whether his attitude would change. It was a serious matter for a young man of eighteen to become absolute ruler with the power of life or death over 4 million persons.

But alas for Mwanga and alas for the kingdom of Uganda and her little band of Christians. The new king was soon surrounded by advisers who had always hated the missionaries. Their hatred was particularly strong in the katikiro and in the queen mother, the first wife of King Mtesa. Before long these counselors had bent the young king to their wishes, and he began to show all of his father's weaknesses with none of his strengths or virtues.

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The day that Mwanga was crowned king, the missionaries called at the palace to pay their respects, but Mwanga haughtily refused to see them. Disappointed, they returned home and waited a few days. When they tried again, Mwanga scolded them for delaying their congratulations. Of course, Mackay and his companions presented valuable presents to the new king and his most important officers.

It took several days for Mackay to prepare the coffin for the dead king. Then after the funeral he returned to the lake shore to continue working on his boat.

Mtesa had refused to believe the malicious tales reported by the enemies of the white men, but Mwanga listened eagerly to every wicked lie. The Arabs stirred up the timid side of the king by reporting that Mackay slept in his boat, but came ashore every night and stole the people's goats and bananas. The white men, they said, had invited a large army of English soldiers and they were approaching the country from Usoga, a land to the east of Uganda. This frightened the king. For generations a prophecy had been repeated that someday enemies from Usoga, called the back door of Uganda, would enter and "eat up" the country.

Many other lies were circulated about Mackay and his companions. Whenever the missionaries left for Kagei or some other place to obtain supplies, the katikiro said they took scores of Uganda citizens out of the country and sold them as slaves. They also reported that the missionaries were hurrying the preparation of a fort in which to fight the king's soldiers. The missionaries were hiring Uganda people to work on their boat or in their house and paying them such high wages that no one else could get workers. There was nothing too fantastic for these enemies of the missionaries to say.

Mujasi, captain of the king's bodyguard, hated the missionaries. He spread a report that Mackay and his friends were planning to raise an army, overthrow Mwanga, and put a Christian on the throne. Daily the mind of the young king was inflamed and poisoned against the white men. Christian friends of the missionaries who worked in the king's court kept Mackay informed of the lies being spread about him and his companions.

After Mackay had finished repairing the boat, he asked for and received permission to go with Mr. Ashe to a port on the southern shore of the lake to dispatch letters and purchase supplies. In holiday mood, the white men, five schoolboys, and the boat crew began the twelve-mile walk to the lake. They had not gone far when an African friend came running after them with the news that Mujasi was pursuing them with a large army. Soon, on both sides of the path the forest was filled with armed men running past the missionaries, shouting insults to the little party as they went by.

About two miles from the lake the mission party suddenly came upon a large body of armed Africans. Mujasi himself was at their head.

"Go back! Go back!" the captain shouted, shaking his spear angrily at them.

"We are the king's friends, and have received his permission to leave. How dare you treat the king's guests in this fashion?"

The men with Mujasi then advanced toward the little party. They snatched away their walking sticks and pushed them around. Mackay and Ashe simply sat down by the side of the path to see what would happen next.

"Where are you going?" demanded Mujasi.

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"We were on our way to the port, having been given permission by the king and the katikiro."

"You lie!" shouted Mujasi. "Where is the Waganda messenger to accompany you?"

"We have none."

"You will go no farther today. Turn around and return to the king's town."

In view of the number of armed men surrounding them, the missionaries had no alternative but to obey. Along the way back their escorts yelled, shouted insults, and jostled their captives. At a fork in the road the missionaries were ordered to return to their homes and there await the pleasure of the king. The five Christian boys, their hands bound, were taken to the king's guardhouse.

The missionaries decided to appeal to the katikiro. At the court of the palace they had to stand outside, being told that the prime minister was having an important conference with Mujasi.

Mackay called loudly.

"Katikiro, my friend. I am your friend. We are the white men."

After calling twice, they were admitted. Mackay told them what had happened and asked why they had received such treatment.

The katikiro looked sternly at them.

"I have arrested you because you were taking Waganda people out of the country."

"We have done nothing of the kind," replied Mackay.

"Oh, yes, you have. Mujasi has caught five," replied the katikiro.

This man had made up his mind that the time had come to

crush the mission and stamp out Christianity. With eyes flashing he turned to Mujasi and ordered, "Tomorrow morning you will take your army and drive the white men out of the country."

With a wave of his hand he dismissed the missionaries.

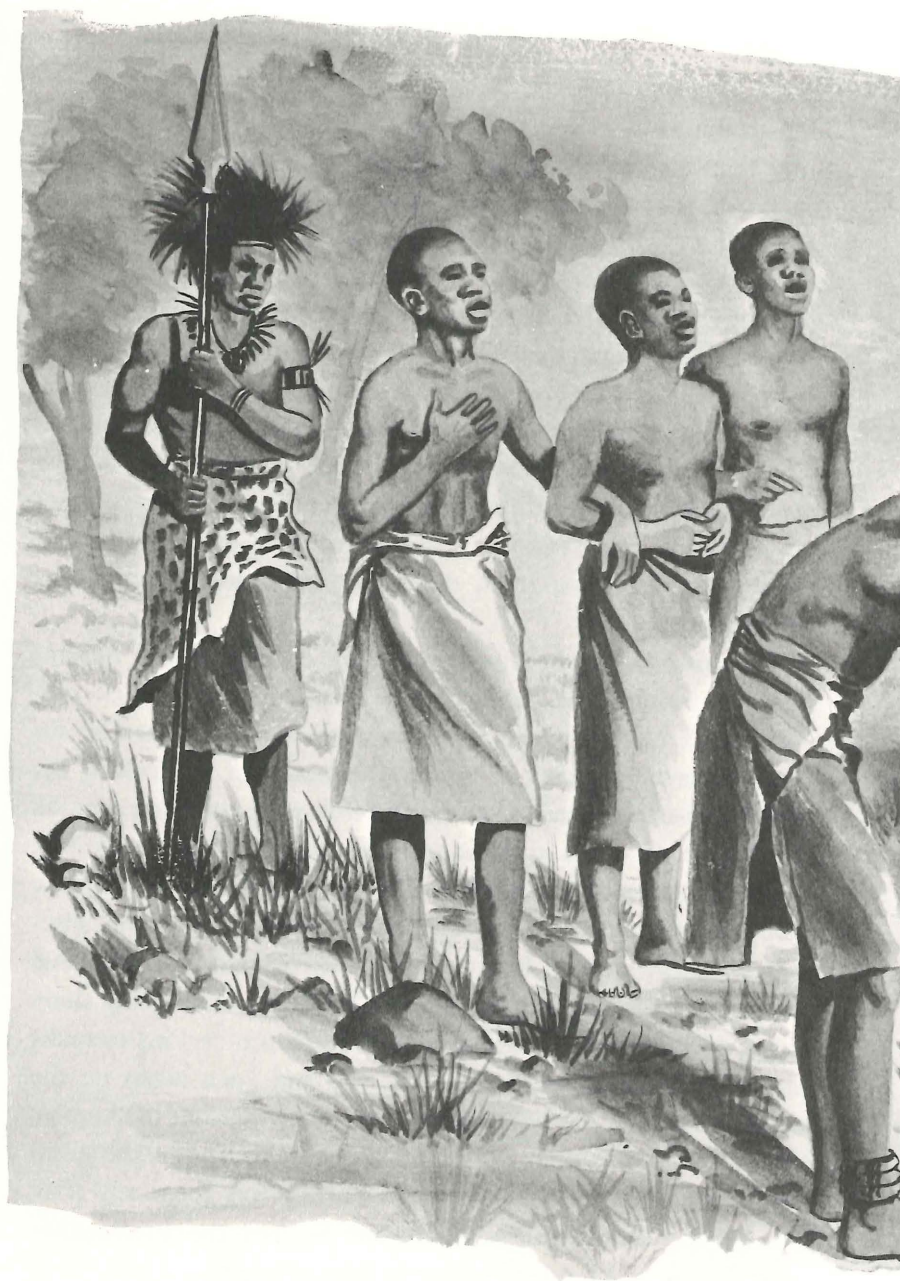
Mujasi's soldiers now seized the missionaries, dragged them out of the council house, and hustled them down the hill. On the way they began quarreling about the men's clothing.

"Mine shall be his coat," shrieked one. "Mine his trousers!" "No, mine!" shouted another. There was a scuffle, and it seemed that the missionaries would be stripped naked. The cautious katikiro, hearing the uproar, sent his head executioner to warn off the soldiers, who immediately left. Wondering what would happen next, the white men, now quite alone, went home.

During the night they had a long council. It was evident that Mujasi and the katikiro were determined to end all mission work. Anyone who came to study would be marked for punishment. Thinking to soften the hearts of the rulers, the missionaries prepared gifts, and the following morning sent six loads of cloth to the king, six to the katikiro, and one to Mujasi. The captain sent back word that he had planned to send men to rob them of all their possessions and burn their house, but after receiving the present, he would wait instructions from the king.

In order to frighten the Waganda Christians and stop them from going to the mission school, the katikiro decided to make an example of three of the boys who had been taken on the road to the lake—Seruwanga, who was sixteen; Kakumba, fifteen; and Lugalama, only twelve years old. They were given no opportunity to defend themselves, nor was there any trial.

During that dreadful day word reached the missionaries that Mujasi had received orders to burn all three.





"You believe you will rise from the dead?" Mujasi taunted. "We shall see if that really happens."

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The next day the three boys were led away in the midst of a mocking heathen crowd.

"Oh, you think that you know Isa," Mujasi taunted. "You know how to read. You believe you will rise from the dead. Well, I shall burn you and then see if that really happens."

The three boys locked arms and began singing one of their favorite hymns, "Daily, daily sing the praises, Sing my soul the praises due."

After a time the tragic procession arrived at the edge of the swamp. Some of the mob went into the woods and returned with armloads of dry firewood. Others built rude platforms of green bamboo onto which to throw their victims over the fires that would blaze beneath.

When all was ready, the warriors laid hold of Seruwanga. With their long knives they cut off his arms, then tossed him onto the platform over the fire. No cry escaped from his lips. As the executioners approached Kakumba, the poor lad turned terror-stricken eyes toward Mujasi.

"O Mujasi," he cried out, "you believe in Allah whom you call the all-merciful One. Have mercy on me."

Mujasi's only answer was a sneer, and the soldiers did their dreadful work.

Last of all, the soldiers approached twelve-year-old Lugalama. As they came near with their cruel knives, he cried out in terror.

"Oh, do not cut off my arms; I will not struggle—I will not fight! Only throw me into the fire!"

Surely no sadder appeal has ever been uttered. But there was no pity in the heart of Mujasi or any of his followers. The knives marred that young body, and the poor boy, his lifeblood

flowing away, was placed on the platform over the smoke and flames. His sobs of anguish became fainter until they could be heard no more.

One of the mission boys, Kidza, watching the tragic scene, wondered when his turn might come. Seeing him sorrowfully standing there, the wicked Mujasi thought to frighten him.

"Ah, you are here! I will burn you too and your household. I know you are a follower of Isa."

"Yes, I am," replied Kidza boldly, "and I am not ashamed of it."

It would have given Mujasi great pleasure could he have killed the lad immediately, but this he could not do without an order from the katikiro.

That evening Kidza came to the mission house where he told the missionaries the long sad story of the events of the day. Their hearts were wrung with anguish; they wept as they listened. Their only comfort was in knowing that all of the sufferings of the lads were ended, and that those three young men who had been faithful unto death would someday be given a crown of life.

It was on January 31, 1885, that Seruwanga, Kakumba, and Lugalama fell asleep, the first martyrs for Jesus in Uganda.

Who would be next, wondered the missionaries as they watched dark clouds rolling up, foretelling a storm of persecution that threatened to overwhelm the church.

STRONG CHRISTIANS



THE MORNING after the martyrdom of the three young Christian boys, the missionaries awoke to find guards all around the mission house. Mujasi had drawn up a proclamation, warning the whole kingdom against adopting the white man's religion, and threatening death by fire to anyone who disobeyed. He also drew up a long list of persons suspected of being Christians, which he presented to the king and the katikiro with the request that he be allowed to put them to death immediately.

The king was surprised to see the names of prominent chiefs on the list.

"What! Will you kill my chiefs also?" he demanded. "This cannot be."

So for a time Mujasi was not allowed to arrest or burn any Christians.

But the missionaries were not deceived into thinking that the storm was past. They knew that forces were at work that would bring the infant church into conflict again. After talking long and earnestly about the best way to build a strong Christian church, they decided to take several important steps.

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First they must hasten the work of translating the New Testament into the Luganda language. They well knew that the time might come when they themselves would be killed or driven from the country. If this happened, it would be important to have African Christians with Bibles, ready to take over the leadership of the infant church.

After a few days the guard was removed. It then became possible for the Christians to slip into the house by night, a few at a time, where they would spend hours with the missionaries learning how to lead out in worship and how to prepare converts for baptism.

For six months no more African students were arrested. Pupils flocked back to the mission school. Even Mwanga seemed to have a change of heart; Mackay, chiefly because of his amazing mechanical skill, again became popular at court. The katikiro smiled at him in a friendly way, and one day he even offered Mackay one of his daughters in marriage. Mackay only smiled and declined politely, wondering how long this new attitude would last.

"We like the white men because they are men of truth," declared the katikiro. "When you sell us powder, the box contains the proper number of tins, and there is no sand mixed with it. Your guns go off without killing the purchaser, while the Arab traders mix salt and ashes with their powder to make it look like more."

For some weeks Mackay talked with the king almost daily, never hesitating to reproach him for his evil deeds and telling him concerning terrible crimes often being committed in the royal name. The king said that he wanted to be the friend of the white men.

"I will never let you leave me. While I live, and my son's

son lives, I am determined to have white men in my country."

Toward the close of 1885 an event occurred that put an end to this peaceful interlude, aroused the fears of the king, and brought a renewal of persecution. Rumors began to spread that an enemy army was entering Uganda through the dread land of Usoga. Was this the force that ancient prophecies had said would come from Usoga and "eat up" the country?

Mackay was puzzled. Who might it be? Then one day he received a letter brought by a native carrier from the mysterious white man crossing the boundary of Usoga and heading for Uganda. The stranger was Bishop Hannington, newly appointed bishop for Central and East Africa. Mackay knew of his plans and had written a letter some time before, urging him not to approach Uganda from the east. This letter, sent to Zanzibar, never reached the bishop. Hannington, knowing nothing of the fears of the people of Uganda, had chosen to come from the east as the closest route to Mackay's mission.

Mackay immediately hastened to court, gave the name of the stranger to the king, and explained why he was coming. At the same time he tried to calm the fears of the king and the katikiro, and urged them to welcome the bishop.

In spite of this, a Christian employee from the king's palace told Mackay one day that Mwanga had sent a captain with a band of soldiers to kill the bishop and all the members of his caravan. Mackay hastened again to court and implored the king to dispatch another messenger to cancel the fatal order. Many excuses were made for not immediately complying with this request. Only when it was too late to save the life of the bishop, did Mwanga deceitfully send a messenger to change the order.

As Hannington was making his way across Usoga, the chief of that country, fearing the wrath of Mwanga, arrested and

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confined the bishop for seven dreadful days in a dark and filthy hut. The carriers likewise were locked up. On the eighth day Mwanga's soldiers arrived, opened the door of the hut, and pushed the missionary out into the bright sunshine. Pale and worn from the fever that had racked his body during the week of suffering, he staggered out of the prison hut.

The soldiers prodded him with sticks and forced him to march to a place they had chosen for the dark deed. The porters had been brought to the same spot, and the bishop saw them, stripped of their loads, with their hands bound behind their backs and slave sticks around their necks. They were filled with trembling fear as they watched their master being marched here and there by the soldiers of the king of Uganda.

The horrified porters watched the tragedy develop. Bishop Hannington was marched to a cleared area. All around him stood Mwanga's soldiers, with spears and guns ready for the grim work before them. Suddenly a gun was fired. The guard rushed upon Hannington and stripped off his clothing.

The soldiers forced him to his knees. Holding a long spear in his uplifted hand, the leader of Mwanga's party advanced toward the kneeling white man. The bishop realized that he was about to die.

"Tell the king that I die for Uganda. I have bought this road with my life." That was all he managed to say.

The African soldier drew back his arm, then hurled his spear into the heart. The bishop died instantly. The soldiers then fell upon the defenseless porters. Having killed them all, they hurried away, leaving the dead lying where they had fallen. As night drew on, a pale moon rose and shone peacefully upon the bodies of the men lying as if asleep.

Mwanga tried to keep the news of his treachery from Mac-

kay. The missionaries well knew that the death of the bishop could also mean their own destruction. Actually, the king called his chiefs together and disclosed to them his own murderous impulse, and discussed with them whether Ashe, O'Flaherty, and Mackay should not be killed as well. At length Mwanga, glaring at his council, uttered the fateful words.

"Let all the Englishmen die. Not one of them shall escape!"

The king's storekeeper, a Christian, warned the missionaries of the decision and urged them to send a present to the king. They quickly gathered together about twenty loads of their most valuable possessions and sent them to the king, the katikiro, and the most powerful chiefs.

A few hours later a royal messenger summoned them to the palace without delay. What did this mean? they wondered. Would they be killed in the king's presence? They knelt and prayed for divine protection; then, having placed themselves wholly in the hand of God, they went to the palace.

"What is the meaning of the present you sent me?" demanded Mwanga of the three men standing before him.

"For friendship," replied Mackay.

"Did I become king yesterday that you delayed the present so long?"

"We thought you were angry with us, because when we came to see you, you refused to see us," replied Mackay.

"I know what they mean," broke in one of the chiefs. "They sent me a present also because they think I will influence the king. They think we want to kill them and this present will redeem their lives. What danger are you in? Do you think we kill guests?"

Mackay turned to the man and asked, "Why, then, did you

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send back word that the present we sent you was not large enough, and demanded more?"

Some of the other chiefs smiled on hearing this, and the man who had spoken had nothing more to say. The other chiefs, however, continued speaking against the missionaries.

"Have we done wrong in sending the king a present?" Mackay asked. There was no answer.

Finally Mr. Ashe came directly to the point.

"You all know why we sent it. We want to hear about our brother, Bishop Hannington."

"Who told you about your brother?" There was a chorus of questions.

"Does not all Uganda know of it?"

"Oh, does all Uganda go to your place?"

Mwanga turned to one of his chiefs and commanded, "Take them into custody and question them closely."

The white men were then cross-examined. The king was determined to find out who had told the white men about the massacre, but Mackay refused to reveal any names.

For more than two hours the mocking, jeering talk continued. Mackay and his companions were exhausted.

"Any readers found coming to your house from now on will be killed," shouted Mwanga. "In fact, if we find readers there, we will think you have encouraged them to come, and we will kill you too."

Suddenly the king waved his hand to dismiss the court, saying at the same time to an attendant, "Take these white men and give them two cows to quiet their minds." It was then that Mackay began to wonder whether Mwanga was altogether right in his head. Coming events were to prove his suspicions correct.

STRONG CHRISTIANS

Discouraged over the events of the day, the missionaries returned home. Their bishop had been murdered, and Africans could visit them only at the peril of their lives. What could they accomplish by staying longer in Uganda? The future seemed very dark.

Then that very evening when everything looked so forbidding, an African stepped out of the jungle darkness, knocked on the door, and when admitted brought the wonderful news that a group of five persons were requesting baptism! One of the candidates was the admiral of the king's fleet of canoes on Lake Victoria. Immediately weariness was forgotten, discouragement was gone! Some of the gospel seed had fallen into fertile soil.

For a few months after the death of Hannington there was another lull in the storm. Readers began to return to the mission school. The murder of the bishop was troubling the king's conscience. He would gladly decree death to all Christians, but their number had now so increased that should he do so, he would be accused of destroying the country. So instead he began killing them a few at a time.

One day a lad who had been a reader in the mission school actually dared to accuse the king of murdering the bishop.

"This fellow has insulted me," shouted Mwanga, pointing to Balikundembe. "Take him and burn him."

The executioner, a friend of the boy, sought to delay carrying out the dreadful sentence; but the katikiro hated the Christian lad and sent word that he should be killed at once before the king could change his mind. Mwanga did, indeed, send word that Balikundembe should only be shut up in prison for a time, but the word came too late. The Christian lad was already beyond the power of any earthly king.



Mwanga quickly ran out of the lightning-struck hut declaring that the missionary had bewitched him.

STRONG CHRISTIANS

From then on, troubles came thick and fast. One afternoon the straw house in which Mwanga kept all of his gunpowder burned to the ground. There were tremendous explosions, and a strong wind carried the fire into the royal house, which was likewise reduced to ashes. The king fled to the house of the katikiro, which was that same day struck by lightning. The terrified ruler declared that the white men had bewitched him. He also accused them of destroying the gunpowder so that if a European army entered Uganda to avenge the bishop, the king would have no ammunition with which to fight.

One morning in May, 1886, Mr. Ashe was seated with a group of readers on the porch of the mission house. Suddenly Mackay appeared running toward the house.

"This time it is really true! Mwanga has gone mad and given orders to seize all Christians," he gasped.

"Escape quickly, before they search the house!" ordered Mr. Ashe. The boys scattered like a flock of birds, slipped through gaps in the fence, and in a few moments had disappeared. Hardly had they gone when a royal officer arrived and searched the house thoroughly, but in vain.

Mackay and Ashe wondered what had caused this sudden attack. Later they were told that the king had discovered his own sister burning her charms.

"The rebellion is spreading even into my own household," Mwanga had screamed. "I must act quickly."

Word went out, and within three days seven of the Christian readers were imprisoned. One prominent man, Alexandro, was not arrested, as it was not known that he was a reader. But one day Mwanga looked straight at him and asked a direct question.

"Are there any Christians hidden in your enclosure?"

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"I am a Christian myself," the man replied, "and I am not ashamed to confess my Lord."

"Put him in prison," ordered the king, and Alexandro was taken off. The persecution became general. Many Christians fled to distant parts of the realm. Everywhere they went they told the story of Jesus, and more people became His followers.

Then came the most tragic day of all. Thirty-two of the imprisoned Christians were taken to one place and all burned to death. Among those who laid down their lives that day was brave Kidza, the Christian who had witnessed the cruel burnings by the bloodthirsty Mujasi on the day the first three Christians were martyred.

More and more readers were captured and killed, while hundreds of others went into hiding. Yet all through those dark days pupils continued asking for baptism. One night there was a gentle tap on the door. When Mr. Ashe opened it he found a young lad, Roberto, standing there.

"Father, I want to be baptized."

"Do you know what you are asking?" the missionary gently inquired.

"I know, my friend, I know."

"You know that if you say you are a Christian, they will kill you?"

"Yes, I know that also."

"Suppose people ask if you are a reader. Will you tell a lie and deny it by saying No?"

"I shall confess, my friend."

That night he was baptized. A few days later, as Roberto with a group of boys was having a quiet prayer season, he saw two executioners standing outside the door of his hut. The boys immediately bolted through the back window and escaped.

There was a gun leaning against the door, and perhaps it was because of this that the executioners hesitated to enter.

"Do not be afraid," called out Roberto. "I will not shoot you. Come and take me."

With his hands bound behind his back, he was marched into the presence of the king.

"Do you read?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

"Take him and roast him," was Mwanga's savage sentence.

Some of Roberto's friends, eager to save him, sent Mwanga a cow. The gift brought a short respite. But after being exhibited for a few days in the stocks, Roberto was taken out and killed with a spear.

Those were days of sorrow and joy for Mackay and Ashe—sorrow as they saw their precious converts so cruelly put to death; joy because the love of Jesus had taken so mighty a hold upon the lives of sturdy African Christians that they were willing to give up life itself rather than surrender their faith.

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ONE MORNING long before daylight, Mr. Ashe was awakened by a gentle but persistent knocking on his door. Getting out of bed, he lighted a lamp, then went and opened the door. Half a dozen Christians from a nearby village stood before him. With them was another Christian, Samweli, who was facing a difficult situation and was seeking advice.

Samweli was one of the most prominent Christians in Uganda. Mwanga's executioner had been waiting for several weeks for him to return from a distant province, where he was collecting tribute for the king. Now he had returned. The question was whether he should deliver the money personally to the king's treasurer, when to do so would be inviting certain death.

Mr. Ashe put his arm around the shoulders of the king's servant, saying, "No, my friend, you must not do that. The king has not the heart of a man, but of a wild beast. You are not bound to submit yourself to one who is a vile murderer. You are perfectly justified in forsaking the trust."

As Samweli did not seem satisfied with this answer, Mr. Ashe invited him over to the little shop where Mackay was

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sleeping. When he had been awakened and told the problem, Mackay also advised Samweli to flee. Still the troubled Christian was not satisfied. After sitting on the floor in silence for a few minutes, he asked for paper and pencil. When these were given him, he bent over as if to write something. Mr. Ashe interrupted him.

"You need not write. Just tell me what you are thinking."

Samweli looked into the face of the missionary. He spoke slowly.

"My friend, I cannot leave the things that belong to the king."

His African friends protested and again urged him to flee. But Mr. Ashe spoke.

"No, he is right; he has spoken well. A man must not go against his conscience. He must take the tribute to the king himself."

The group knelt in prayer, then discussed the best time and manner in which to deliver the money. Finally it was decided that Samweli should go very early in the morning to the house of the king's treasurer, hoping that the executioner might not yet be on duty.

Samweli left the house just as dawn was breaking, clutching his precious bag. The missionaries had little hope of seeing him again. Before separating to take up their daily tasks, they had another season of prayer on behalf of their friend. All that long day they waited for news, but no word came. How thankful they were when Samweli appeared that evening and reported that his duty was done.

But reports continued to come in telling of how one Christian after another was seized, tortured, and killed. The hearts of the missionaries were sore and their thoughts went out to these

brave heroes. Mr. Ashe and Mr. Mackay wrote a stirring appeal in the Luganda language, printed hundreds of copies, and gave them to all who visited the mission, asking them to pass the tracts on to Christians throughout the kingdom. Part of this letter read as follows:

"PEOPLE OF JESUS WHO ARE IN UGANDA

"Our Friends, We, your friends and teachers, write to you to send you words of cheer and comfort. In days of old, Christians were hated, hunted, driven out, and persecuted for Jesus' sake, and thus it is today.

"Do not cease to pray exceedingly, and to pray for your brothers who are in affliction and for those who do not know God. May God give you His Spirit and His blessing! May He deliver you out of all your afflictions! May He give you entrance into eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Farewell. We are the white men; we are your brothers who have written to you."

To this appeal they added the words found in 1 Peter 4:12-19.

For many months the persecution raged. More than two hundred loyal Waganda Christians laid down their lives because of their enduring faith in Jesus and their refusal to obey the commands of a cruel king to give up their faith.

Mr. Ashe and Mr. Mackay often wondered whether they could do anything to help bring an end to the persecution. The mission, they agreed, must not be abandoned; but they decided that if they left the country for a few months, the troubles might cease. Then they could return, or other missionaries might take their places. Accordingly, the two men visited Mwanga requesting permission to leave the kingdom.

Mwanga expressed surprise. After some hesitation he

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agreed that Mr. Ashe might go, but he refused to consider allowing Mackay to accompany him. He professed great love for the engineer, although he probably felt that if Mackay went there would be no one to do the blacksmithing and engineering work in his country.

For the next year Mackay held the mission alone, the only white Christian in all Uganda. To make the time pass more rapidly, he worked from morning till night, reading, writing, translating, printing, teaching, and even doing a little doctoring.

To help pass away these lonely days and nights, he built a spinning wheel, on which he taught the Waganda women to spin cotton and wool into thread for making into cloth. In the evenings the king often invited Mackay to court and asked him to show pictures of life in other lands. One picture showed a European palace. Mwanga cared little about the building, but he was captivated by the flag flying in front of it.

Clapping his hands, he called for some workmen, showed them the picture, and ordered them to erect such a pole in front of his house. For several days the missionary watched, amused, as the Africans struggled to place the pole in the ground. Again and again it slipped out of their hands as they tried to slide it into the hole. When they admitted defeat and requested help, Mackay willingly gave it, and soon the royal flag was flying on top of the flagpole.

Then, for no apparent reason, Mwanga suddenly announced that he would become a Mohammedan and that all must follow his example. Even his youngest servants were ordered to read the Koran daily. When some refused, Mwanga complained that the white men had spoiled his people, forcing him to kill so many that he was accused of being mad. Even the

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heathen queen mother warned him against killing more. The time would come, she said, when they would be the strength of his kingdom.

At last a day came when Mwanga realized that he could never eradicate Christianity from his country while Mackay continued to teach the gospel. He commanded the katikiro to send Mackay out of the country.

"I will not have him teaching in the land while I live," he declared. "After I am dead, the people may learn to read."

Before departing, Mackay made a last visit to the king. He reminded Mwanga of his long years of service to the people of Uganda. The king denied nothing the missionary said, and even went so far as to ask Mackay what he would like as a parting gift. This was just what the missionary had hoped for. Without a moment's hesitation he looked straight at the king and made his request.

"May I have Your Majesty's permission to send another missionary to take my place here among your people?"

For a moment the king's eyes flashed defiantly, but he had given his word; therefore, he said that he would agree to Mackay's request.

On a beautiful morning in 1887 Mackay walked to the lake shore, leaving the country he had served so faithfully for nearly ten years. Scores of Christians, braving the wrath of the king, marched with him, singing the songs he had taught them. On the shore they stood waving to him as long as his boat was visible. Finally it disappeared over the horizon. Feeling like orphans, they returned weeping to their villages.

Mackay steered his boat to a point called Usambiro, on the southern shore of the lake. This he chose as the site for a new mission station. A few weeks later he was happy to welcome

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Mr. Gordon, a nephew of Bishop Hannington, on his way to Uganda to take Mackay's place. A little later Mr. Walker joined Mr. Gordon in Rubaga.

Eagerly Mackay listened for every bit of information concerning what was happening in the land he loved so much, and where he had left so many spiritual children. Things went from bad to worse. Mwanga became so insanely tyrannical that the chiefs finally rebelled and drove him from the throne, replacing him with his brother, Kalema, a Christian.

Perhaps unwisely, the new king promptly elevated Christians to all the important positions in the kingdom. This made the Arab chiefs very angry. They headed a second revolution, during which Kalema was overthrown and replaced by a Mohammedan king.

Immediately a new storm broke out against the Christian church. A mob of several hundred screaming, angry men attacked the mission house. Mr. Walker and Mr. Gordon were robbed of everything, even of their clothing. Naked they were driven to the lake, placed in the mission boat, given one bottle of water and a bag of meal and pushed out into deep water. On the shore stood the Mohammedan katikiro, shouting angrily, "Let no white men come to Uganda for the space of two years. We do not want to see Mackay's boat in Uganda's waters for a long time. We do not want to see a white teacher in Uganda until we have converted everyone to the faith of Mohammed."

But the people of Uganda were unhappy with the rule of the Arab chiefs, and within a year there was still another revolution. As a result, a wiser, older, and sadder Mwanga was invited to return to his kingdom. Although troubles in the land were not over, the days of bloody persecution never came back again.

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Meanwhile, Mackay was busy at his new mission. He planted a garden, set out fruit trees, dug a well, and irrigated the land during the dry season. He had brought his printing press to Usamiro, and in his little shop he printed hundreds of copies of the Gospels and other books of the Bible. Many of these were carried into Uganda, where their witness continued to bear fruit.

One day in 1889 an African messenger appeared at Mackay's mission. Much to the surprise of the missionary, the man spoke good English.

"I bring you greetings from Bwana Stanley."

"Mr. Stanley!" exclaimed Mackay. "Is he near here?"

"He is a two-day journey away, but he is surely coming to see you."

The news seemed almost too good to be true. For years Mackay had longed to see the man whose visit with Mtesa had opened the door and prepared the way for the entrance of the gospel into Uganda. Soon the mission students were busy, eagerly preparing the mission for the arrival of Stanley and his large caravan.

Two days later the famous explorer arrived. Both white men were happy for this meeting. They had much to discuss. Stanley told of his long travels through the heart of the Congo and other vast regions of Africa. But he was much more interested in what Mackay told him about Uganda and the mission work there. The news of the results of the visit he paid Mtesa nearly fifteen years before greatly pleased him.

"So you are Mackay!" exclaimed Stanley again and again. "Mwanga did not kill you then, this time? What experiences you must have had with that man! But you look so well, one would say you had been to England lately."

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"Oh, no," replied Mackay, "this is my twelfth year in Africa. When Mwanga banished me, he allowed the Reverend Cyril Gordon and Mr. Walker to take my place. However, in a recent revolution they also were expelled, and at present there are no white missionaries in Uganda."

Stanley was amazed when Mackay showed him the mission he had established in two short years. He was particularly interested in a new launch that was being built under Mackay's supervision.

For several weeks the two men enjoyed fellowship together. They made several trips into surrounding areas. The admiration of the explorer for the courageous man who, in spite of trials and frustrations, could cheerfully continue his important task, increased daily. He wrote the following description to one of his friends.

"Mackay cannot find leisure to brood and think of being lonely. He has no time to fret and groan and weep, and God knows if ever man had reason to be doleful and lonely and sad, Mackay had, when after murdering his bishop, burning his pupils, strangling his converts, and clubbing to death his dark friends, Mwanga turned the eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. It is worth going a long journey to see one man of this kind, working bravely day after day for twelve hours and without a syllable of complaint or a moan, and to hear him lead his little flock in singing and prayer to show forth God's kindness in the morning and His faithfulness every night."

Stanley urged Mackay to go to England with him for a well-earned rest, but the missionary refused to leave until others could be sent out to take his place.

As the explorer said good-by to Mackay, he must have

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thought back to the day seventeen years before when he bade a last farewell to another brave Scottish missionary, David Livingstone.

A few weeks after Stanley's departure Mr. Deekes, Mackay's only companion missionary, became ill and failed to recover as he should.

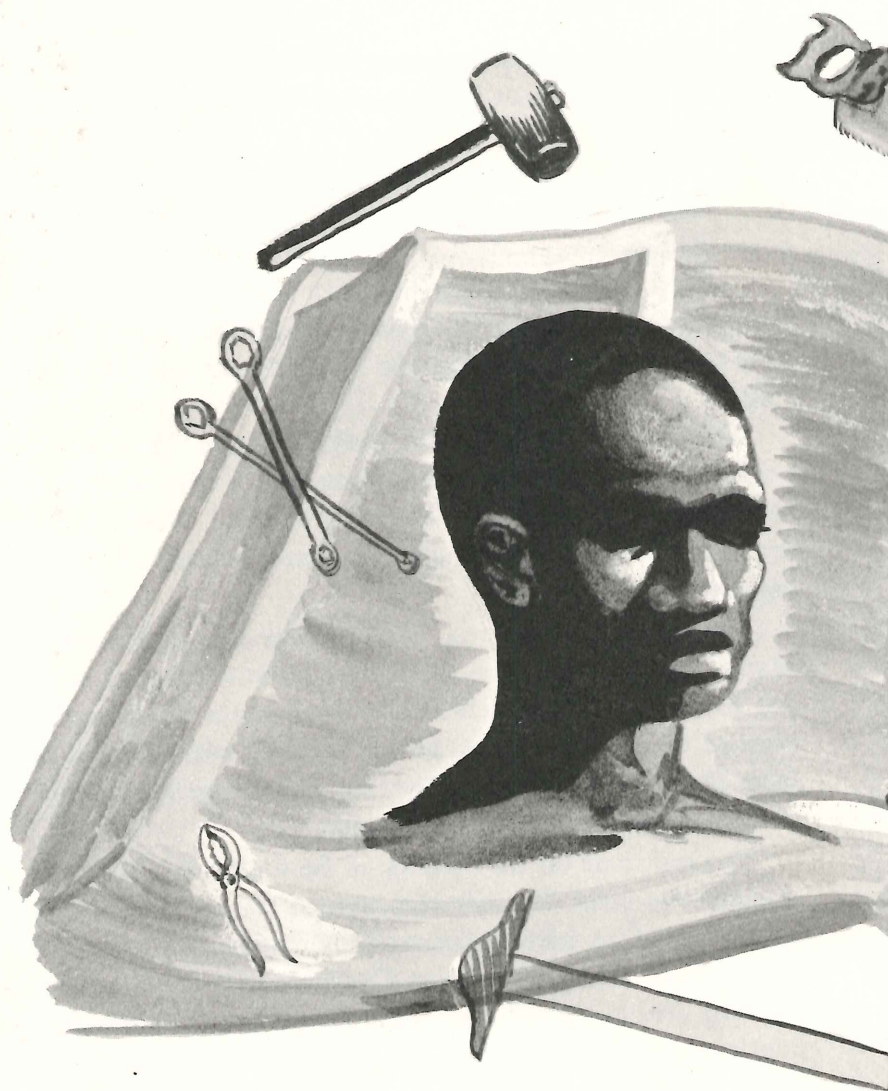
"Unless you wish to die here soon," Mackay warned soberly, "you must return to England. Remember, though, you have one duty. Find someone who will come out and take your place."

The morning came for Mr. Deekes to leave. The sun was rising over the lake as the caravan prepared to start on its long slow march to the coast. But where was Mackay? When Deekes went into the missionary's house, he found Mackay ill with a high fever.

Postponing his own trip, Deekes spent four days nursing Mackay. Most of the time the patient knew nothing of what was happening. In his delirium he lived again many experiences of the past. Sometimes he was pleading with Mwanga to spare his Christian students. Then he would urge his servants to see that Mr. Stanley was comfortable.

The end came on the evening of the fourth day. Mackay's strength was gone. The sick man opened his eyes and looked on the face of his friend, who, realizing that Mackay's life was ebbing away, called the mission Christians into the sickroom. Standing around his bed, they softly sang a hymn Mackay had translated and taught them, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

As the sun went down, Mackay closed his eyes and fell into his long sleep. His tools had been used for the last time. But when Alexander Mackay is called forth on the resurrection





As the sun went down, Mackay fell asleep. His tools had been used for Africa for the last time.

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morning, the missionary engineer will hear the glad words: "Thou hast been faithful. . . : enter thou into the joy of thy lord." He was about forty years old when he fell asleep.

Far away in London, Mr. Stanley heard the sad news and remarked, "Africa has lost the best missionary she has had since David Livingstone."

At the Usambiro Mission, Mackay was laid to rest by his weeping African children. A few years later, however, his body was transferred to the courtyard of a great Christian cathedral in Kampala, the chief city of Uganda. Five thousand African Christians were there to pay respectful tribute to him who might well be called the father of the Uganda church.

Mackay's few possessions were nailed up in boxes and returned to his sister, living in a village in Scotland. With deep interest she read the daily diary he had kept faithfully for so many years. Particularly moving were the words he had written on May 3, 1874: "This day, last year, David Livingstone died—a Scotsman and a Christian, loving God and his neighbor in the heart of Africa. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

Alexander Mackay had obeyed God's call.

